

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND AND NORTH-WEST AMERICA.



FORSAKING HOME TO TAKE THE FIELD.

(See article on page 4.)

THE "TAMING OF A TOUGH."

An Australian Story.

HERE is a story to tell about Jim Barry is a poet. Perhaps, as he is just now at his best, it will be just as well to describe him as he is before relating about his "has been's." Well, picture to yourself a strongly-built, powerful-looking man of say thirty years, with a good head, and a good heart, and a good nature that would do credit to a blacksmith, bronzed with exposure, and bearing on one a cleverly-tinted figure of a race-horse, and on the other a buck-jumper and rider—both indications of the inclinations of their wearer—for in his time Jim has been both jockey and horse-breaker. It is hard to believe he could ever have ridden as a light-weight, but it is so. He is not bad-looking, and his health-hued face indicates intelligence and humor.

Jim may be called an exceptionally-endowed individual, as his vocabulary is extraordinarily-extensive, so that the ordinary collegium would have occasionally to admit his ignorance and request an interpretation.

"You mightn't think there is any difference between a 'burrawarra' and a 'huncha,' he will explain, but there is. A burrawarra, as I am sure you can't tell sugar from clay without tasting it. Now a 'huncha' is a 'f' flat'; he knows just enough to get in out of the rain, but not enough to keep out of 'chokey.' In meetings, Jim for a considerable time past has been a Salvationist, he likes to hear and give straightforward, simple testimonies, but objects to any "dog" in them—presumably "dog Latin." There have been passages in the life of Jim Barry which he would like to erase from the record, while the others may be blotted out from the great Book of Remembrance, it is one of the penalties all have to pay for a misspent life—the recollection during this life of their evil deeds; and, as proofs of the power of God to change the heart, such memories may be made means of help to others. Some of these we shall have to refer to.

Until life with Jim commenced unexpectantly. As a compositor he gave just enough satisfaction to be handed his salary in a week before he was due and given a permanent holiday, the first part of which he spent in the country—his last sixpence going a beer. He was now about seventeen. Having obtained a billet as a station hand, he one day quarrelled with his boss, and, after being quarrelled with the latter, chased him with a stock-whip, ready for business; and Jim only got away by clearing a high fence which his employer's horse would not face. Returning to town, Jim's father got him into a workhouse, and he did not stay for long. It was sufficient. One day his duty was to help dispose the free lunch and liquor supplied to clients, and, having himself sampled a variety of intoxicating beverages, he was at close of day discovered asleep, jammed in a hole made of wood.

Jockeying in different parts of the colonies, sometimes well in funds, sometimes wanting, filled in a year or so; but a jump over a five-foot gate and a fall, which resulted in a broken arm, and internal injuries, put a temporary stop to equipping. Jim's luck was such that he narrowly escaped death at this juncture—not so much through his injuries as through the sympathy they evoked. At the house into which he had been carried, a victory-looking but emotional servant, who was sent now and again to see and report how the patient was progressing, was so touched by his sufferings on one of her visits she burst into tears, and sobbed: "Oh, do not die; live for my sake!" This incident, which live seemed so comical to Jim that he laughed until he literally thinks he "nearly died."

The comical element has played a prominent part in Jim's adventures, even in those of a respectable character, and his occupations in conjunction with Thirsty, moneyless, berries, the "push" of questionable companions could hardly fail to raise a smile from even a Pymouth Brother. Such, for instance, as the selling of a man as a "bag of bones," Thirsty, moneyless, berries, the "push" formed themselves into a committee of ways and means. At last a happy idea suggested at first in a joke, but found to have possibilities in it, struck one of that number.

"Why not sell Costello here as a 'bag of bones'?" (Costello was the thinnest of the party.) "Well, why not? Old Ike is on the spree, and we could fix him up so that he would not notice!"

Further debate resulted in a general scattering in search of bones for a sort of top dressing, and then Costello, who readily lent himself to the scheme, got into a great bag; was covered with cardboard to prevent unpleasant results, and then a thick layer of bones filled the top part of the sack. They carried him to the shop of "Ike," the dealer, and two of them lifted the bag on to the weighing-machine. Ike, who was drunk, just glanced into the sack, and, though he did express a little surprise at the indicated weight, he paid up, and told the carriers to take it to the tip in the yard. This, of course, they did, and Costello crawled out undetected as I got over the fence, the whole brotwood reuniting with sufficient ill-gotten funds for their requirements. These, by the way, were supplemented by proceeds of bottles handed over the fence from the yard and re-sold to the drunken dealer.

Although Jim's acquaintance with the police has been limited, his convictions have been mainly for offences resulting from drink and the indulgence of a pugnacious propensity which has been disastrous to himself and others. This a formidable charge of murderous assault was preferred against him a few years ago. While drinking with another man, the two got into hot argument about the pedigree of a horse, and in a hasty moment the other had used an offensive epithet towards Jim. A fight ensued, and the former gave in; but, carried away by passion, Jim continued to batter away until his victim had to be conveyed to an hospital. Jim was arrested, and was treated as a first offender. Temper, which in liquor, was responsible for another conviction, for which he served three months' imprisonment. In this instance he was trying to push his way into an opinion when a Chinaman, who had been kept away, and closed the door in his face. Seizing a block, used by the Chinese to cut their fish open, he hurled it at the door, splintering it into matchwood. Detectives searching for him, and, his whereabouts having been betrayed by a girl, he was arrested soon after being placed in the cell, a man he knew, but who had not been near the scene of the above incident, was put in also.

"Why, what are you in here for?" asked Jim.

"Oh, they say I assaulted a 'Chow' and damaged his door."

"Why, that's what I'm in for!"

In the morning Jim pleaded guilty, and tried to exonerate his companion. The bench, however, gave him three months, also, on the strength of previous records.

Now and again Jim took spells of temperance, and, when in town, made honest endeavors to keep away from his old companions; but, trusting to his own strength, his efforts always broke down. Generally meeting a "bunch" which led to jail or hospital. On the 18th of February, 1899, a Saturday, he had been drinking heavily; also during that Sunday following; and, feeling bad in the evening, he thought he would put in an hour in the Little Bourke Street barracks, so as to get away from "the

boys," and he here fit later on to "make a night of it."

Something was said about drinking in that meeting that caused him to alter his mind at to the latter part of the program. He went to the penitent form, and has never touched intoxicants from that time to this. He had work to go to on the Monday at a horse-dealer's, but the officers, with whom he had some conversation, wanted him to call at Headquarters. Here the Colony Secretary invited him to stay at one of the Homes, if, in the billet he was going to, he felt himself in danger. The question was soon decided, for, upon his refusal to go to a public-house for some beer, his employer said he wanted "none of the sanctimonious sort" on his premises, and Jim left. Since then, with the exception of a period spent up country, during which he was a consistently Christian life, Jim has been doing good work as a useful paid employee at the Home—Austral Underworld.

EUROPEAN MONARCHIES.

What a cynical observer would call "the religious sentiment" is at present strongly represented on the thrones of Europe, and it is certainly strange that none of the great reflectors of public thought have not brought it into prominence.

The Czar of all the Russias is known as a singularly devoted to the observance of his church, and he is a man as profoundly stirred by desires to promote the world's peace as any Quaker would wish. The Emperor of Germany believes in, and proclaims, in season and out of season, his Divine calling, and is not ashamed to act as chaplain when on board ship. His last sermon contained a vigorous appeal to his subjects to pray.

The Kings of Denmark and Sweden are religious monarchs. The Emperor of Austria is most punctilious in his regard for the duties of his church. The Queen of Holland is not only a professed Protestant, but a staunch teetotaler. The life of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the purity of her Court, testify to the Christian principles which have regulated her character. The latest addition to the ranks of the religious monarchy is King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. Parts of his speech on the occasion of his ascending the throne read like extracts from our own Articles of War. A young man, confronted with problems such as few kings have to face, he might well have excused if he had sounded a note of fear in his address. But, no. Fearlessly he concluded by testifying, "I ascend the throne without fear and in a quiet spirit. . . Brought up in the love of religion and the Fatherland, I call God to witness my promise that from this day forth and for ever I shall labor with all my heart for the greatness and prosperity of my country."

Was it Voltaire who prophesied that one hundred years from his death the fetish Christianity would be numbered among obsolete religions? There are as yet no signs that he knew when he prophesied!

Often when we imagine ourselves most beguiled, we are rich; when most conscious of weakness, we are strong, because then we know ourselves, and there is no greater help, no surer defence, than self-knowledge; without it, whatever be our abilities or ambitions, they will fall and come to grief on the perilous rocks of self-ignorance.

THE TEN GRACES.

- Faith is the eye of the soul.
- Love is the heart of the soul.
- Hope is the buoy of the distressed.
- Kindness is the hand of love.
- Humility is the saints' sandals.
- Truthfulness is the backbone of spiritual life.
- Obedience is the foundation of religion.
- Purity is the most beautiful garment of the spirit.
- Self-denial is the strongest nutrition of usefulness.
- Perseverance is the channel that directs our efforts to one purpose.

Musings of Many Minds.

Children are God's Apostles.—Lowell.

He well repeats that will not win, yet can.

Be clever, if you will and can; but, first of all, be good.

Let it be your aim in every act of life to be rather than to seem.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

Avoid all hypocrites and shams of every kind. Be wholly sincere in every word you speak, and everything you do.

All that has made England famous, and all that has made England wealthy, has been the work of minorities, sometimes very small ones.

Remember that intense earnestness and earnest, conscientious labor are the keys to success in every undertaking. Be in earnest, then. Work hard. Having formed a purpose let nothing tempt you from its accomplishment.

As a beam of sunlight sent through a room will at once reveal numberless motes floating through the air of the room, so a ray of divine love let into the heart will immediately make visible to us a cloud of imperfections of which we were before entirely unaware.

If you have high and lofty aims, no matter how hard a struggle you may have to make before they may be realized, press on, fight on, till you have attained them. What if you do have to sacrifice the thousand and one pleasures of life? Let them go without a thought.

To take up one's cross, lightly as men and women use the phrase now, utterly as they profane it by applications trivial and insignificant, to take up one's cross is to regard one's self as a criminal on the way to execution, to acknowledge the sentence just, and to live the very life in submitting to it.

By friendship you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most perfect trust, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the sincerest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable.

Forgive, forgive—even should our fell hearts break;

The broken heart Thou wilt not, Lord, despise!

Ah! Thou art still too gracious to forsake,

Though Thy strong hand so heavily chastise.

Hear all our prayers, hear all our murmurs, Lord,

And, though our lips rebel, still make Thyself adored.

THE GREATEST OF ALL.

My greatest loss.—To lose my soul.

My greatest gain.—Christ, my Saviour.

My greatest object.—To glorify God.

My greatest work.—To win souls for Christ.

My greatest joy.—The joy of God's salvation.

My greatest inheritance.—Heaven and its glories.

My greatest victory.—Over death, through Christ.

My greatest neglect.—To neglect so great salvation.

My greatest crime.—To reject Christ, the only Saviour.

My greatest privilege.—Power to become the son of God.

My greatest bargain.—The loss of all things to win Christ.

My greatest profit.—Godliness in this life and that to come.

My greatest peace.—The peace that passeth understanding.

My greatest knowledge.—To know God and Jesus Christ Whom He hath sent

→*HEROES OF THE CROSS.*←

IV.—Elizabeth Fry, the Angel of the Prisons.

THE city of Norwich has several things to recommend it to the tourist, chief of which is the cathedral. Great, massive, sullen structure—began in the eleventh century—it adheres more closely to its Norman type than any other building in England.

Within sound of the tolling bells of this great cathedral, aye, almost within the shadow of its turrets, was born, in 1780, Elizabeth Gurney. Her line of ancestry traced directly back to the de Gournays, who came with William the Conqueror, and laid the foundations of this church and England's civilization. To the sensitive, imaginative girl this sacred temple, replete with history, failed of into storied song and chime; legend, meant much. She haunted its solemn transepts, and followed with eager eyes the carved bosses on the ceiling, to see if the cherubs pictured there were really alive.

And so Elizabeth grew in years and in stature and in understanding; and although her parents were not members of the Established Religion, yet a great cathedral is greater than sect, and to her it was the true House of Prayer. It was there that God listened to the prayers of His children. She loved the place with an idolatrous love, and with all the splendid superstition of a child, and thither she went to kneel and ask fulfillment of her heart's desire. All the beauties of ancient and innocent days moved radiant and luminous in the azure of her mind.

Once in the streets of Norwich she saw a dozen men with fetters rivetted to their legs, all fastened to one clanking chain, breaking stone in the drizzle of a winter rain. And the thought came to her that the rich ladies, wrapped in furs, was rolled by in their carriages, going to the cathedral to pray, were no more God's children than these wretches breaking stone from the darkness of a winter morning until darkness settled over the earth again at night.

She saw plainly the patent truth that if some people were gaudy and costly raiment, others must dress in rags; if some ate and drank more than they needed, and wasted the good things of the earth, others must go hungry; if some never worked with their hands, others must needs toil continuously. The Gurneys were nominally Friends, but they had gradually slipped away from the directness of speech, the plainness of dress, and the simplicity of the Quakers. They were getting rich on Government contracts—and who wants to be ridiculous anyway? So, with consternation, the father and mother heard the avowal of Elizabeth to adopt the extreme customs of the Friends. Lucy sought to dissuade her. They pointed out the uselessness of being singular

and the folly of adopting a mode of life that makes you a laughing-stock.

But this eighteen-year-old girl stood firm. She had resolved to live the Christ-life and devote her energies to lessening the pains of earth. Life was too short for frivolity; no one could afford to compromise with evil. She became the friend of children, the champion of the unfortunate; she aided with the weak; she was their friend and comforter. Her life became a cry in favor of the oppressed, the defence of the down-trodden, an exaltation of self-devotion, a prayer for universal sympathy, liberty, and light. She pleaded for the vicious, recognizing that all are sinners, and that those who do unwise acts are no more sinners in the eyes of God than we who think them.

The religious nature and sex-life are closely akin. The woman possessing a high religious fervor is also capable of a great and passionate love. But the Norwich Friends could not believe in a passionate love, excepting in the work of the devil. Yet this they knew, that marriage tames a woman as nothing else can. They believed in religion, of course, but not an absorbing, fanatical religion; Elizabeth should get married—it would cure her mental maladies; exaltation of spirit in a girl is a dangerous thing anyway.

And so the old ladies found a worthy Quaker man who would make a good husband for Elizabeth. The man was willing. He wrote a letter to her from his home in London, addressing it to her father. The letter was brief and business-like. It described himself in modest but accurate terms. His weight, ten stone, and was five feet eight inches high; he was a merchant with a goodly income; and in disposition was all that was to be desired—at least he said so.

The Gurneys looked up this Mr. Fry, merchant of London, and found all as stated. He was invited to visit at Norwich; he came, he saw, and was conquered. He liked Elizabeth, and Elizabeth liked him—she surely did, or she would never have married him.

Elizabeth bore him twelve children. Mr. Fry was certainly an excellent and amiable man. I find it recorded, "he never in any way hampered his wife's philanthropic work." Contrary to expectations, Elizabeth was not tamed by marriage. She looked after her household with diligence; but instead of confining her "social duties" to following hotly after those in station above her, she sought out those in the stratum beneath. Soon after reaching London she began taking long walks alone, watching the people, especially the beggars. The lowly and the wretched interested her. She saw, girl though she was, that beggards and vice were twins.

In one of her daily walks, she noticed on a certain corner a frowled woman holding a babe, and thrusting out a grimy hand for alms, telling a woeful tale of dead soldier husband to each passer-by. Elizabeth stopped and talked with the woman. As the day was cold she took off her mittens and gave them to the beggar, and went her way. The next day she again saw the woman on the same corner and again talked with her, asking to see the baby held as closely within the tattered shawl. An intuitive glance told her that this sickly babe was not the child of the woman who held it. She asked questions that the woman evaded. Pressed further, the beggar grew abusive, and took refuge in curses, with dire threats of violence. Mrs. Fry withdrew, and waiting for daylight followed the woman; down a winding alley, past rows of rotting tenements, into a cellar below a gin-shop. There, in this one solid room, she found a dozen babies, all tied fast in cribs, or chairs, starving, or dying of inattention. The woman, taken by surprise, did not grow violent this time; she fled, and Mrs. Fry, sending for two women Friends, took charge of the sufferers.

This sub-cellar nursery opened the eyes of Mrs. Fry to the grim fact that England, professing to be Christiana, was essentially barbaric. She set herself to the task of doing what she could while life lasted to lessen the horrors of ignorance and sin.

Newgate Prison then, as now, stood in the centre of the city. It was necessary to have it in a conspicuous place so that all might see the result of wrongdoing and be good. Along the front of the prison were strong iron gratings where the prisoners crowded up to talk with their friends. Through these gratings the unhappy wretches called to strangers for alms, and thrust out long wooden spoons for contributions that would enable them to pay their fines. There was a woman's department, but if the men's department was too full, men and women were herded together.

Mrs. Fry worked for her sex, so of these I will speak. Women who had children under seven years of age took them to prison with them. At one time, in the year 1823, we find there were one hundred and ninety women and one hundred children in Newgate. There was no bedding. No clothing was supplied, and those who had no friends outside to supply them clothing were naked, or nearly so, and would have been entirely were it not for the spark of divinity that causes the most depraved of women to minister to each other. Women hate only their successful rivals. The lowest of women will assist each other when there is dire emergency.

In this pen, awaiting trial, execution, or transportation, were girls of twelve as feeble, helpless creatures of eighty. All were thrust together. Hardened criminals, besotted creatures, maid-servants accused of stealing thimbles, pure-hearted, brave-natured girls who had run away from brutal parents or more-brutal husbands, insane persons—



ELIZABETH FRY.

all were herded together. All of the keepers were men. Patrolling the walls were armed guards, who were ordered to shoot at who tried to escape. These guards were usually on good terms with the women-prisoners—budding at will. When the mailed hand of government once thrust these women behind iron bars, and relieved the virtuous society of their presence, it seemed to think it had done its duty. Inside, no crime was recognized save murder. These women fought, overpowered the weak, stole from and maltreated each other.

Visitors who ventured near to the grating were often asked to shake hands, and if once a grip was gotten upon them the man was drawn up close, while long, sinewy fingers grabbed his watch, handkerchief, neck-scarf, or hat—all was pulled into the den. Sharp nail-marks on the poor fellow's face told of the scrimmage, and all the time the guards on the walls and the spectators roared with laughter. Oh, it was awfully funny!

(To be continued.)

What is an Agnostic?

It was in a Third Avenue car. An old man sat watching a bunch of hand-bills that hung duttering above him. Itising at length, he pulled one of the bills off, and adjusting his spectacles, began to read it.

It was an advertisement announcing in bombastic language, a lecture on the subject: "What must I do to be Saved?" The lecturer was said to be Colonel R. C. Ingersoll, the great Agnostic.

The old man got along all right in his reading until he came to the words "agnostic," when he turned to a gentleman seated next him, and asked, "What is an Agnostic?"

"An Agnostic is one who professes to know nothing," was the reply.

"Then a 'great Agnostic' would be a 'great know-nothing'—is that it?"

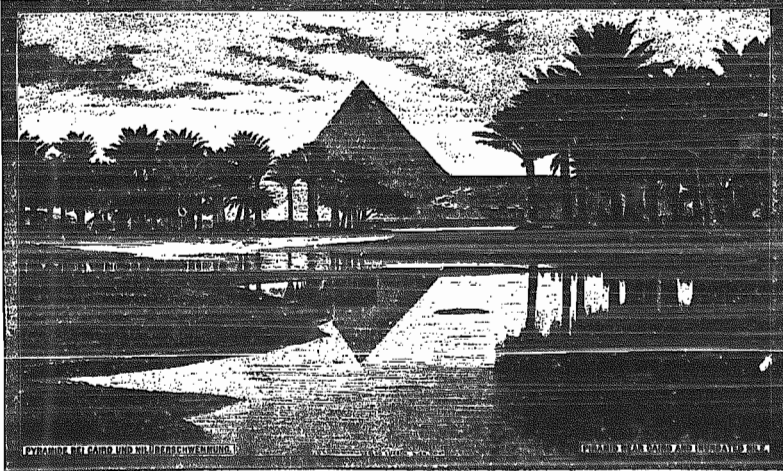
"I suppose so," answered the gentleman; "that is what the word means." "And people pay for hearing this man lecture on a subject he professes to know nothing about?"

"It would seem that way." "Well," said the old man as he mentioned to the conductor to stop the car. "I think if I was a 'know nothing,' I would keep quiet on the subject of 'What must I do to be Saved,' until I found out!"

But the old man did not possibly think that there was \$300 a night in it for the "great Agnostic," which came out of the pockets of his poor dupes, who loved to be humbugged by being told that nobody could or did know anything about these things.

But is it so, that we are left in such ignorance about so important a question? Apart from the fact that there are thousands of the most reputable people, who could arise and testify that they know they are saved and have their sins forgiven and enjoy the peace of God, etc., we have the testimony of a Book, the Bible, which shone as a light in the midst of darkness for millions of previous souls, guiding them over life's stormy sea, and eventually landing them in their desired haven.—Ex.

When God puts a mountain in your path it is a sign that He would lift you up.



PYRAMID NEAR CAIRO AND THE NILE.

The Need Your Call.

(To our frontpiece.)

Men are dying; children are raised in vice and crime; women grow bitter in the pinch of poverty; sin is rampant all around you; drunkenness, staggers about our streets and wrecks houses and hearts; vice arrayed ininsel and glauces, laughs the hollow laughter of despair; jails, prisons, and reformatories are filled and disgorge upon society a stream of imbecile and branded humanity that seeks to revenge its isolation by reprisals and darker deeds. Asylums are filled with the victims of direct or indirect wrong that has de-throned God-given reason and set mad-ness in its place. Sin fascinating, sin delusive, sin ugly, sin hideous, sin worked out in despair, sorrow and death, sin in the palace, sin in the hut, in satin and rags, in house and factory, hoisting on the street and hiding in the darkness—sin and its terrible effects are all around us.

Have You Grown So Familiar to the Sight that it Wakes no Sympathy in Your Heart?

It is true, indeed, that we do often get so horribly accustomed to certain forms of sin, which we meet frequently, that the horror that it arouses within us at first sight, is, by the very wide-spread prevalence of that sin worn off, and we fail to notice after a time, anything repulsive about it.

Let it not be so. Open your eyes wide, let your ears be unstopped, to see and hear, and notice all your can of human misery and sin. If none lives your way, then seek it out, so that God may, in His mercy, awake within you that priceless gift of sympathy, which grows out towards the sufferer and sinners in earnest, endeavor to help him.

When we read of the actual accomplishment of the Army in its brief existence, its miraculous growth throughout the globe, its hundreds of institutions, its fifteen thousand officers, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers redeemed from sin and shame, marching on to proclaim free and full salvation to the sinner everywhere, we say from the depths of our hearts,

Thank God for the Salvation Army.

But sin is still with us. Infidelity and sham is on the increase. Officers are dying and becoming disabled for the fight. Who will take their place? Opportunities are opening unto us new doors; who will enter them? Extensions of our Social work are both timely and necessary; who will help in it? We must have more officers.

Our frontpiece shows us Joan d'Arc, as she hears the call of the angel to rise to the opportunity of delivering her country and her people from the invaders. When she understood the dire need and sore straits, she left her sheep and relinquished the distaff, emblematic of the household duties of women, and grasped the sword for the greater need and grander deed.

So many soldiers will say, "I can live a good, consistent life at home with my people, and be a faithful soldier, doing my best in my spare time." So you can—but what of the deliverance of the millions drifting in the cruel bondage of sin's illusions to a burning hell? What are you doing to deliver these slaves? Can you not see in the great need for heroes of God?

Your Call to the Front?

You have health, youth, gifts, and chances to account for to God. Leave the more desirable and pleasant life of comparative ease, and come out fully for God and souls. The angel of Jeru-salem points out to you the battlefield of earth, where heaven and hell are ceaselessly engaged in fearful battle over man's soul. The Sword of the Spirit will be your unflinching weapon—there is no excuse for your hesitation—heed the call and step out boldly on the promises of God.

God wants not only soldiers, but leaders. A fine army of brave soldiers with the best equipment will be of little use without capable leaders and officers. A body without a head, a city without



Bible Readings from Jamaica.

IX.—THE MARCH OF MOSES.

BY ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

WHEN the Lord said unto Moses, "Go and lead my people out From their slavery under Pharaoh; lead them by the Red Sea route."

Moses had a mind to falter, for he feared the people would; But when God gave him an Aaron, he obeyed, just as he should. [So it happened with our Gen'l, when the Lord told him to go To the Mile End Waste for sinners, there were hind'rances, you know; But when God breathed on his children; made a preacher of his wife— All the doubts and cuts soon vanished; said he, "We are thine for life."]

Pharaoh did not like God's Moses; would not let the people go, Till the Lord by death and judgments had some miracles to show:

Even then he tried to stop them, tried to make a compromise: Told them he would let them worship; also many other lies. But they started far from "empty," for they'd got a deal of gold, Which they'd borrowed from their neighbors, the Egyptians, we are told. God was with them from the starting; Neither did they aught things lack, Pharaoh lost his chariot army, which he sent to bring them back And before them in the daytime, went a cloud to lead the band, And at night a fiery pillar, pointed to the promised land. Bread from heaven God provided, and their water too was sure, But, just like some modern Christians, they complained and wanted more. Moses saw the need of order; got some laws engraved on stone; Had his "Rules and Regulations," marching orders—like our own.

Notwithstanding all precautions, he soon found some grumblers too, Who upset his calculations, till he scarce knew what to do. God Himself was disappointed; worried with their faithless talk; And the journey made the longer by their winding, crooked walk. Then they longed for Egypt's flesh-pots, made an image out of gold; Till God's love was turned to anger, and He slew some, we are told. But when they again repented, God's great heart was softened too; When they said, "We will do better;" He said, "I will strengthen you." And as mark of chosen people, as a help to stand the storm, He commanded Moses saying, "Put them all in uniform. When they look upon the ribbon they'll remember each command, When the hearthen see them coming, they will know they are My band."

[Just as our dear General, bless him! has his uniform of red, Which we all wear as a token we have been through Red Sea led]. So when Midianites opposed them, they had easy victory; Pr'aps because they were united, as God's people ought to be. When there was a Self-Denial, and a call for offerings too, They smashed every old-time target, till God said, "thanks that will do." And we're told that notwithstanding many died along the track, Many were no help to Moses, many were for looking back— Yet, in spite of every hindrance, Moses marched his army till Other generals were appointed—so God's army's marching still!

Oh, dear reader, are you in it? are you of the willing few Who won't say, how little need I? but will say what can I do? Do you hanker after Egypt? do you make a god of gold? Do you murmur, "can God feed me?" like the Israelites of old. If you do, repent this moment; He will lead your humble cry— If you've got a broken spirit, He will never pass you by. He will breathe His life into you; will enable you to stand; Bless you, guide you, feed you, clothe you—right into the promised land!



government, an organ without an organist are as much use.

God Wants Leaders!

His army requires modern Joshuas to give the word of command; to marshal the troops, to lead them on to battle, and to direct their movements against the enemy. You ought to be an officer, but you are not! What is the reason? You are unable to have your excuses endorsed by your conscience. You know all your other ambitions are opposed, in a manner, to officership in the Army. Then drop these ambitions. Let go the lesser for the greater; leave the path of ease and seek the path of self-denial.

What can we promise you? Plenty of hard work, disappointment, and disillusion; probably some slander and misrepresentation; but with it a clear conscience for the softest soldier to rest upon, and the smile of God for the brightest lamp to light your way in dark days. With ingratitude and hardships you will gain a spiritual family of souls born into the Kingdom of Heaven through your toil and suffering, and a crown of glory in eternity.

Is it not Worth the While?

SOPH.

THE OLD MAN NOT DEAD

The Prosterning Corps.

John Robertson, of Glasgow, used to tell a story which is well adapted to illustrate that the old man is not dead in the regenerated person. He said that a poor fellow in the Highlands, named Jamie, was taken ill, and apparently died. Some of his friends, however, said there was too much warmth about his heart, and they insisted that he should not be buried. The undertaker was sent for, who pronounced him dead, and put the body into the coffin. Then the old doctor was summoned, who looked at his eye-balls and felt his pulse, and he also pronounced the man dead. Just then the corpse sat bolt upright in his coffin and stared around and said, "I am not dead!"

His wife, who sat beside him, replied: "Lie down, Jamie; lie down. Ye are dead. The doctor knows better than ye."

Not a few of the theological doctors pronounce the old man dead at conversion, but while they are talking about it, there are those who do not believe it. They are convinced that there is too much warmth about the heart—too many signs of life in the coffin. This too often confusion, at a time they least expect it, up bobs the old man, bolt upright, and he will not lie down.

No, the old man is not dead at conversion; but, thank God, we may have him completely restored to life by our application of the Blood through the agency of the Holy Ghost.

True to the End.

Power to help gives power to him. In proportion as we are looked up to as setting a good example, are we likely to lend others in the wrong way if we turn aside from the safe course for us and for them. So long as one is recognized as an evil-doer, he is rather a warning than an example. But when one is considered a safe guide to follow, his every defection from the true path tends to turn others towards evil. Every stage of progress heavenward increases the responsibility of the traveler as a leader and a guide. We need God's help in being true every step of the way to the end. As we are near to God ourselves, we may have others by our failure to be true to God. Just because we are looked up to, we need to be extra careful to be and to do right.

Enthusiasm.

Montaigne's constant recommendation was to do all one undertook with enthusiasm. "Without it," he said, "your life will be a blank, and success will never attend it. Enthusiasm is the one secret of success. It binds us to the criticisms of the world, which so often damp our very earliest efforts; it makes us alive to one single object—that which we are working at—and fills us not with the desire only, but with the resolve of doing well whatever is occupying our attention."

The General in Paris.

"One of the Wonders of the Century"—200 Officers Meet for Council—A French General on Our General—Eighty-Nine Penitents Find Salvation "Lessons from My Life."

The General's Paris campaign was a revelation of possibilities, an encouragement to every heart inclined to faint under the burdens and reverses of the war, and a clear, unmistakable, up-to-date object-lesson of the fitness of Christ for France, and of salvation for the sinner, did of the plain; direct, and definite methods of the Salvation Army.

Let us, in this introduction, extract two incidents from a heap which confirm this statement. A gentleman who has not, to say the least, always been a friend of the Salvation Army, was present at three of the meetings. He knows Paris well, the uphills and almost forlorn struggles of evangelistic effort, and the difficulty of expecting Parisians to listen to religious talk in the height of summer, the crowds around him. The Divine influence moved his heart. The fearless, soul-entailing denunciations of sin by the General made him exclaim, "This is one of the wonders of the century!" And to testify to the depth and sincerity of his convictions, he asked the General to accept £100 for our Indian Patriotic Relief Fund!

A French military general, at the conclusion of a meeting when the power of God was manifested in the salvation of souls, went up to the General and tendered his salutations of love and respect, his eyes and face beaming with the flush of a strong, emotional nature. "General," he said, "you are not an Englishman; you are a man; you belong to humanity!"

"I pray, believe for France. There are signs of rain, and the united, loyal, and devoted officers—from the Commissioner to the last recruit—are pledged to go all lengths in spreading and fighting for the Kingdom of God.

A PARISIAN SUNDAY CROWD.

The Horticultural Hall is fast filling. Stand by this pillar a moment and watch a Parisian crowd pass in. Now a prince goes in; then a group of peasants, followed by a French general, who is accompanied by his Salvationist daughter; Salvationists in uniform next, who make for the platform at once (English soldiers, please copy!); then a cuirassier, with shining helmet and tossing of plumes, followed by a leading doctor, a well-known minister of religion; whilst the crowd gradually increases, being made up of "all sorts and conditions" of men, who listen, and some join, with bowed heads, in Mrs. Brigadier Peyron's impassioned prayer to the throne.

Mrs. Major Chatelain's heart-searching song is finished; the pretty waltz and highly-decorated panels are forgotten, for the crowd is drinking in the rich wine poured forth by our beloved General, fresh and new from the chapel of his heart, and ready, round by his cup-bearer and interpreter, Brigadier Ronseel.

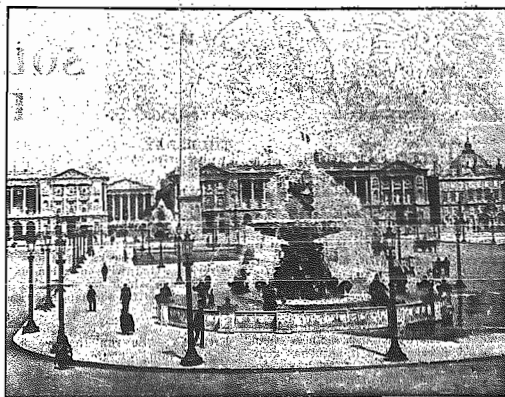
A HUNGRY PEOPLE.

The General's life-theme is his subject—"Salvation—eternal now—salvation on the spot. Immediate action—no delay. Come over now—quick, quick, to the side of God. I invite you. This is the only time you have; you may be in eternity to-night. I like to drive people up to a point." Thus the General. Do the French get up and run out as soon as the prayer meeting begins? I will watch. Oh, no; oh, no! This is a hungry people; these are thirsty souls, and they come to the Armée du Salut because they are in real want. So they stop, these French—the saints out of love, the retrogrades out of longing, the sinners for fear, and all rescue their souls want God. See! there are four and they are already, led by a broken-hearted woman. Brigadier Peyron, as Brigadier Lawley's armor-bearer, fanning the fires into a flame,

until—having seen the fourteenth out—we hurry away to tea, returning to see the day's fight out to the finish.

LIGHTNING TRUTHS.

It is a Sunday night in Paris. Does the English reader know what that means? All Paris is astir, in street and boulevard. It is a heavy day for the railways; innumerable lines of carriages and train-cars follow each other through the city; while great surging crowds flock towards the Exhibition, and cafe, and theatre, and opera; each ply their roaring trade. Yes, it is Sunday night in Paris. But we turn aside to rather with yet another crowd, some of whom, in bonnet or jersey, wear the beautiful legend, "L'Armée du Salut." It is the Horticultural Hall, with guardroom-guarded doorways. Hardly has the applause occasioned by the entrance of the General died away, before Commissioner Hellberg is giving out the opening canticle. Holy voices are bleeding, now rising, now falling in sweet cadence, or swelling out loud and clear, with power and fervor with Divine enthusiasm, singing with heart and soul and voice as only the French know how; and then settling down in their



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

girl, who came out last November at the General's meeting in the Agricultural Hall for salvation, now offering herself to be an officer and seeking the blessing of sanctification; while near her, kneeling together and weeping bitter tears of contrition, are a man and his wife—both Catholics.

It is over—Sunday in Paris—but somewhere in the vast population there are eighty-nine hearts who bless God for life and liberty as the result of the visit to Paris, this week-end, of our beloved General.

the meeting for which Parisians are so noted, for as the General passed into his room, Mrs. Booth-Hellberg stepped up to her father and General and kissed him.

WHAT IS FAITH?

ANSWERS BY GREAT MEN.

The instinct of trust in the Invisible.—H. R. Haweis.

The act of the whole man.—Luthardt.

The loveliest object in the kingdom of mind.—Meitzel.

The gift of God which is the root of the virtues.—Ruskin.

The pencil of the soul, which pictures heavenly things.—Burnidge.

The door whereby we enter into the house of God.—Erasmus.

The bellows to kindle in us the sacred flames of love.—Baxter.

A lark, joyously bathing in the streaming splendor of the firmament.—Krummacher.

The unclosed inner eye, which adopts its faith the form of God the Redeemer.—Meitzsch.

A plant that can grow in the shade; a grace that can find the way to heaven in a dark night.—An Old Divine.

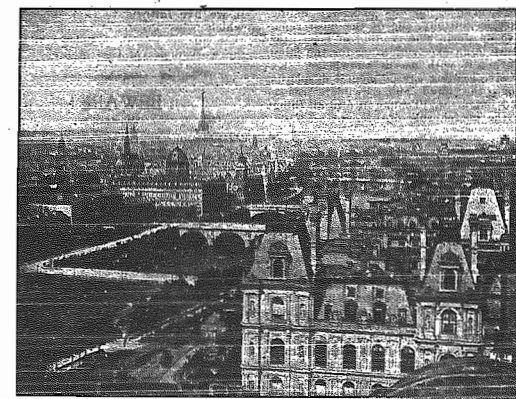
In the highest degree the peculiar gift of elevated characters, of noble spirits, and the source of whatever in the world bears the impress of greatness.—Vinet.

The soul itself in desire, in intense aim, in act; conscious of its own nothingness, conscious of its need of leaning on another, goes forth towards an object presented to it, in which, for which to live.—Canon Carter.

The bond which holds together the family and society, Church and State, and the only one which places man in communion with his Maker. The only homage worthy of Him which the insignificant creature can bring to the holy and true God.—Van Oosterzee.

That power attractive which, by a strong and divine sympathy, draws down the virtue of heaven into the souls of men, which strongly and forcibly moves the souls of good men into a conjunction with that divine goodness by which it lives and grows.—John Smith.

Character is Christlikeness; and he is most Christlike who forgets himself in doing good, as he has opportunity, unto all men.



PANORAMA OF PARIS.

easy came benches to receive from the General his God-given message—and it is a God-given message to-night; you have only to watch the people's faces to know that the arts of conscience is at work, with human features for cameras, depicting conviction, remorse, sorrow, despair, and discovered acknowledged sin—an address of fire-words, whose truths were lightnings, whose facts were thunders, whose target the human heart, whose Source the Eternal God.

"Ah!" cried the General, "why do people jump into the Seine?—take poison?—commit suicide? It is to get away from themselves! Do they succeed? After death the angels will sort you out according to your characters. Oh, the power of influence! As you treat Jesus now, others will also. How will you treat Him to-night? What will you do to Jesus to-night?" Then, oh, so tenderly: "Now Colonel Lawley, now, my son, my son, invite them to come!"

And the prayer meeting commences. They are coming—the sorrowful for joy, the troubled for peace, the sinful for pardon, the retrograde returning home. In the passage is kneeling a young woman in agony on account of her sin. The chairs must be cleared—room for the penitents. Yonder is a Protestant

AN INFLUENTIAL AUDIENCE.

Monday night. The two Officers' Councils are over, and it is the public's turn next. The General is to give "Lessons from my life" at the Horticultural Hall, and an appreciative audience is assembling. French people are able, intelligent to a high degree; they understand and take in instantly what is said. Therefore, when the opening song, "Oh, boundless salvation!" was given out, it was sung with such spirit as only French people can put into it. Brigadier Peyron leading the singing with all the fervor and enthusiasm possible; then, lifting up his hands to heaven, he invoked a blessing on the General. And God heard and answered by fire; for, after Capt. Mousseaux sang, the General kept the audience's attention from start to finish. The crowd was made up—as, indeed, all the other crowds had been—of representatives of nearly all classes of society, even including a Roman Catholic Priest, vicar of a Parisian church, who had been induced to attend through a talk he had with one of our officers at our Kiosk at the Exhibition. Yes, it was a fine lecture, and the General had great liberty; but it was reserved for Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg to put that finishing touch to

OUR SOLDIERS' PAGE.

Terse Topics.

HEALTH A DUTY.

We believe that health is a duty to a man. God desires that we should enjoy health, and therefore it is our duty to preserve it, to guard it, and, when lost, to diligently seek it. Someone has said, "A fence at the top of the precipice is better than an ambulance at the bottom." This is true of health; it is easier to guard against sickness than to expel disease when it once has gripped the human body. A healthy, sensible diet, carefully regulated, as observation of one's digestion teaches, regular habits, fresh air and light, with pure water, and a cheerful, trusting spirit, are the essentials of good health, if there are no inherited diseases in the system. A healthy body, clean blood, and a cool head are able to ward off or overcome and expel any disease germs that master a body whose upbuilding and preservation has been neglected. Many a man takes better care of his dollar than of his body; the masterpiece of the Creator, and the finest and delicately-adjusted machinery of the mind and soul. The duty of keeping healthy need not become a fad, or consume time required for other duties. It takes less time to be healthy, and allows better and longer hours of real, telling work for God than will take to mend bad health, and to prop up a broken and ruined constitution, besides being less expensive.

Weekly Ammunition

SUNDAY.—"Those that seek Me early shall find Me."—Prov. viii. 17.

There is great strength in early communion with God. When the soul awakes to consciousness in the body, in the early morning is the best time and the quickest way to find God. The mind has not riveted itself to the problems of life, the daily task, or the sorrows of yesterday, and does not make a wearying effort to free itself from the entanglements of business and care. God is found quickly and His blessing will be upon us through the day.

MONDAY.—"The spirit of truth . . . shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you."—John xvi. 13.

The Spirit of Truth, which is the Holy Spirit, is ever ready to show unto us the inward meaning of the teachings of Christ. There are no hard things to solve to the soul who walks in the light of God, for as we walk, so will the Holy Spirit teach us what we need to understand for the next step. He will LEAD us into all truth, not bring the solution of every question of ours to us.

TUESDAY.—"Ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you."—Rom. viii. 10.

To be in the Spirit means to exist in the Spirit, and manage one's life from a spiritual point of view, and such alone is the true life. To be in the flesh means that the body, with its desires and passions, has subdued the spirit, and made it a slave to the grosser existence, and such life is the life of spiritual decay.

WEDNESDAY.—"Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities."—Rom. viii. 26.

For our sins we receive chastisement, for our infirmities succor. Wrongs must be atoned for, infirmities will be aided. What we CAN do, that God will expect us to perform, and to expand our capabilities; but what we are unable to do, or can do but crudely, the Holy Spirit will be ours to guide and assist us. So, indeed, God educates His children from babyhood to manhood in Christ.

THURSDAY.—"For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery."—Rom. xi. 25.

Life is full of mysteries. Many questionings arise within us daily. There is a difference between the questionings of a trusting soul, eager to learn for the sake of better service, and the idle curiosity which seeks sensations in discoveries. God will enlighten us about such things which are necessary for us to understand for our happiness and usefulness.

FRIDAY.—"So run that ye may obtain."—I. Cor. ix. 24.

A good soldier must know how to run to an attack—run to gain a point of vantage for God—run to occupy a post of duty when the enemy entreaches himself. It is not sufficient to run with others, but we are to run with a purpose in view, and in the endeavor to win the prize of the race. There is much food for thought in that passage, much incentive to discouraged and flagging souls. Arouse yourself, exert yourself and behold the prize staked before your vision. It is worth to forsake the lesser values of life for the value of that priceless gift to be secured.

SATURDAY.—"And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."—I. Cor. ix. 25.

The excess of anything is to be avoided. There are many things that are helpful and legitimate, but the excess of such is sin. Eating is necessary to physical life, but its excessive indulgence is gluttony, one of the most repulsive of sins. The rendering of good literature is an excellent thing for the mind, storing it with useful knowledge. Excessive reading causes mental dyspepsia, clogs the mind and bewilders reason and judgment. Temperance in all things is the golden rule of life.

The Week's Lesson

SAMSON.

During the past three or four weeks we have been studying the life of a great man, whose name is Samson. We have learned many interesting things about him. He killed a lion without any weapon. He carried away two very large gates, to the top of a high hill. He caught a host of foxes without traps, and used them to set the cornfields of the Philistines on fire; and many other things he did in the strength of God. But to-day we learn of the darkest side of his experience—his sore temptation, how he backslided, and how he died.

Samson's Temptation.

When we meet very strong men and women who are working for God, we seldom, if ever, think that they would backslide; but some of the very strongest, and the very best of God's people have fallen. So it was with Samson; he yielded to temptation and fell.

There is no sin in being tempted, and God will not be angry with us who are tempted; but if we yield to temptation, God is angry with us. The sin is in the yielding.

Samson, the Backslider.

God says, "The way of the transgressor is hard." Samson found it so. After he gave way to Delilah the secret of his strength, the secret charge which God entrusted him to keep, his sorrow began—he was taken a prisoner by his enemies, the Philistines.

His eyes were put out—how painful this must have been—the devil blinds his followers. Before Samson could walk just where he chose, but now he was bound with chains and was blind.

While in prison he had to work hard, and no doubt thought often over what had happened, and realizing how he had deceived God and brought disgrace upon His people, and sorrow to his own heart,

he knelt in prayer and pleaded with God, Who is merciful and forgiving.

Samson's Death.

It was noised abroad that Samson was captured, and a day was set when a great feast would be held in the Philistines' huge temple. Songs of praise were to be sung to "Dagon," their God, for helping them to capture Samson, who was to make sport for the crowd.

Some backsliders, when away from God, do all they can and say all they can against God and His people; but Samson was anxious to regain his strength to fight another battle for God, and if needs be to die in the same, and God heard his prayer.

The people came in thousands to that great hall, until every seat was occupied. The windows and porches were crowded and the flat roof that was arranged so the people could see down upon the banquet. The court was crowded with hundreds of curious men and women. In the midst of their glee, blind Samson was led out by a little boy. Before his capture no man could hold him. The people were expecting sport, but Samson could not take that part in such a gathering. He bowed his head in prayer, and grabbed the huge pillars of the entrance. Then what crashing, what screaming, what terrible anguish followed! Only a few moments and all was over. Thousands were dead in the ruins, among whom was God's prodigy, but pardoned, son, Samson. His last victory was the greatest of his life.

So may it be with us. We can each, if we live faithful to God, die a death which wins greater triumphs for God than all our life, or completes and seals the work done for God in life.—E. B.

BEWARE!

Of suggestions of distrust—of others. Of suspicions of a brother's motives. Of the tendency to withdraw from those whom you think do not appreciate you.

Of losing hope for others. Of thinking you have done enough for anybody.

Of getting impatient with anybody's blindness or short-sightedness.

Of designing to be a better person than does not fellowship with you.

Of standing on your dignity.

Of forgetting your own faults while faithfully finding those of others.

Of forcing providence.

Of following your own understanding.

Of lagging behind the Spirit.

Of taking things out of God's hands.

Of fussiness, foolishness, and fanaticism.

Why Useful Men Die.

It is as instrumentalities that God uses men for the accomplishment of His purpose. No man can escape this by lowering his standards, or his character, or even by disowning God. Ahasuerus and Haman play their part in God's providence as well as do Esther and Mordecai. We often wonder why God calls away a faithful servant from this world when he appears to be working so effectively. But if there were no other reasons, it is reason enough that God's work depends upon no man alone. Our victory is so circumstantial that the removals by death astonish us. If our view were larger, we should see that the Divine plan is too all-embracing to rest upon one life for its continuance. If a "useful man" were sure to live an indefinitely because of his usefulness, how much smaller our views of God and eternity would become! And then how much smaller we too should become!

An empty kettle never leaks; and many a man obtains a reputation for virtue simply because he has never been exposed to temptation.

What a Soldier Should Know

Beware of Discouragement.

Having commenced to work, he should beware of discouragements. To be depressed or feel incapable, to think that he has made a fool of himself when he has prayed, or sung, or spoken, are all feelings quite common in the most successful soldiers when they first commence the fight, and with very many this is oftentimes the case, even when they have been engaged a long time in it. What would the devil be doing if he did not seek to dishearten a soldier, especially at the very beginning of the war, and particularly if he sees he is likely to do his kingdom harm?

An Imperfect Judge.

When discouraged, he should amongst other things, remember that he must of necessity be a very imperfect judge of his own doings. The sportsman cannot tell whether his shot has hit the bird he aimed at half as well as the bird itself. Neither can he measure the effect of the words he has spoken, the prayer he has offered, or the song he has sung. They may all have seemed to him like wind, whereas he may have made a wound in some poor sinner's heart that he will never be able to get healed until he finds the Saviour.

Don't Seek Signs.

As a rule, seeking signs to indicate whether God wants him to do a thing or not is very unwise. That language with the Lord cannot be acceptable to Him who says, "If I have liberty, or if souls are saved, I will conclude that the Lord wants me to do this or that." It is often utterly impossible for him to judge of the usefulness of a meeting by results that he can see. He should be content with the consciousness of having done his best under the circumstances. Remember that this is all that God requires, and that angels could not do more.

Remember Perseverance.

He must not forget that many of God's most successful workers have made lamentable commencesments. Many preachers have afterwards led multitudes to Christ, who, when they first started, were perfect failures, and were never expected to accomplish anything at all. He should always remember that perseverance is all that counts in bringing improvement, and finally success.

Keep a Steady Aim.

He should keep his aim right. In all his prayers and addresses, singings and schemings, he should aim at pleasing God and benefiting men. This will keep everything else right. He cannot go far astray in anything he does when he is mastered by a supreme desire to save the souls of men. If this purpose goes fairly hold of his spirit, it will call forth all his talents, give him boldness and courage, find him something to say, and help him to say it with the most forcible effect.

Magnify Your Opportunity.

He should magnify his opportunities. No other organization on the face of the earth are there such wonderful chances for working for the Master. Uneducated men, delicate, timid, nervous women and even the little children, can testify of the grace they have received, sing of the salvation of God, and by their own conversation, counsel, and attention from thousands of people to the things that concern the Kingdom of Heaven, whom high-placed ministers are unable to reach.

Mix Everything with Faith.

He should bring faith into everything; continually encouraging himself with the recollection that God is with him in all he says and does. He must have faith in God, and always live and act so that he can ever believe in himself.

EVERY-DAY REFLECTION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

About Husbands; Their Privileges and Duties,

RESPONSIBILITIES.

(Continued.)

EQUALITY.

4. THE HUSBAND MUST REGARD HIS WIFE AS A BEING OF EQUAL VALUE WITH HIMSELF, AND TREAT HER ACCORDINGLY. The difficulties which numbers of husbands experience commence in their intercourse with their wives. They do not accept the real equality of the woman with themselves. They are taught the contrary from their youth up. They learn it from servants, and sometimes silly mothers will convey the idea, by their partiality, and by more favored education and attention, that boys are superior to girls. The idea is commonly seconded by companions at school, in the playground, and openly asserted by their associates in after life. Unfortunately, the women accept the idea, because they don't know better, or because their natural meekness, or to please and carry favor with the men, and so married life begins by basing itself on that fallacy.

It is a fraud perpetrated on the sex, and works badly. Many a woman, in her secret soul knows that, although she may be different from her husband, and inferior to him in some particulars, she is as good a being as he is, and perhaps, in the nobler traits of character, vastly his superior; yet she has to submit to his domination on this false and hollow plea.

A wife may, and often, as we have said, does, differ very widely from her husband; but differing, as she may do, in some particular faculties does not necessarily imply inferiority as a whole. Do not men differ from men? Will any two men whom you meet as you pass along the city street be alike in body, mind, and brain? Of course not! But no one argues that these respects suppose that one part of the people must be inferior to the other. The difference between husband and wife will not be greater than that which we usually find in men.

SOME DIFFERENCES.

There are differences, of course, between the man and the wife. For instance, the husband will ordinarily excel the wife in physical force. He will beat her at filling a coal-wagon, digging a hole, or cutting a horse. He has power to endure cold or heat, and, if I was going to any, to suffer pain; but if I had made the latter statement it would certainly have been a mistake, for in this respect woman is unquestionably his master; and even his superiority in some of the physical faculties we have noticed is largely the result of training and exercise.

The husband will occasionally excel the wife mentally or emotionally; but here again, superiority in these faculties does not prove her to be an inferior being. On the contrary, go back to the beginning and give her the same opportunities as he has had, and she will not be far behind even in these respects; anyway, I am prepared to contend that, take her altogether, when she has a cell less in her brain than her husband, she will have a fibre more in her heart, and when she has a fibre less in her brain, she will have a cell more in her heart.

Now, I urge husbands to avoid making a wrong start on this question, and then they will avoid the mistake in the intercourse that follows. Say to your wife, "Now, then, even if we will start fair. Ours is on an equal partnership. We will go in for equality sharing the

duties and responsibilities of our position, as we are equally constituted for filling our own particular part."

KEEPING UP THE LITTLE ATTENTIONS.

5. THE HUSBAND IS RESPONSIBLE FOR GIVING HIS WIFE, IN THE HOME, A POSITION ANSWERING TO THIS EQUALITY.

He should be at some trouble to pay her respect worthy of the relations in which she stands to him. If she is a part of him, let him treat her as he would like others to treat him. He should be careful to keep up all those little attentions with which he was proud to favor her before marriage. Then he was ever ready to run, and fetch, and carry for her. Whether it was the cloak she had left upstairs, or the book she had lost, or the paper that had slipped from her fingers, he was there ready and willing to minister to her in those attentions, which, while seemingly trifling in themselves, nevertheless had much to do with the affection she returned, and the respect in which she was held by those around about.

If those attentions were good then, they are equally so to-day. Do not stand until moved by some involuntary impulse to render them. Make it your duty, however you may feel about them, and it will become your pleasure in the long run. And when the family comes along, such respectful treatment will tell upon them. The rude, familiar treatment which some children render to their mother disgusts me when I am called to witness it, not only from a feeling of sympathy with the pain it causes, but because it is so unbecomingly indicative of what may be expected, with interest, from them in after years.

While for his I am aware that the indulgent mother will often be largely to blame, yet I am equally sure that it can as frequently be traced to the husband himself. The children note the father's gruffness and the want of these little compliments in his dealings with their mother that would make it almost as pleasant for her to serve as to be served, and are ready enough to imitate him.

Alas! how common it is to hear a father all honey and smiles in his conversation with the stranger within his gates, expending on him an overflowing amount of that grateful acknowledgments for a trifling favor, while he allows his wife to toil for his comfort from morn till night, without once saying, "If you please," or "Thank you." Such neglecting in their presence is sure to produce a harvest of discord, sorrow, and in some cases the total decline of all heart-affection for one another, and in others separation.

The Worm Theory.

By R. P.

Unfortunately for the progress of Christianity in the world to-day, it is frequently presented to the masses in a most unattractive aspect by many Christians, who are everlastingly found indulging in the "worm theory." Their most congenial service seems to lie in manufacturing for themselves terms in the negative of the very best grade of Christian experience—they are only poor worms of the earth, poor miserable sinners, and they are that all the time, with no hopeful prospect of ever rising above that plane of experience. Like leeches in the religious community, their influence is cold enough to "freeze the genial current of the soul," and make the pulse of religious life stand still. "Oh," they say, "we must be very humble, for we are very sinful, and vile, and deceitful; we cannot measure the depravity of the human heart, and therefore we cannot know our own sinfulness," and then if they can groan, or roll out some words of self-abjuration, it is all right. Everything depends upon the length of the face, and the sanctimoniousness of its expression.

They never forget like "miserable comforters"—

To Open Up the "Old Sore."

whenever they have an opportunity, but from some cause or other, they are very careful to say but very little about the "wondrous cure." They forget that they virtually discount and cast suspicion on the infinite love, and mercy, and power of the world's Redeemer, Who accepts the vilest sinner, and cleanses him all filthy and begrimed with sin, and transforms him into the brightest hallelujah saint. They seem to forget all about the divine words of admonition—"What God hath cleansed, call that not common or unclean, and with a affected air of humility, they call themselves the unworthiest of the unworthy, while if some other person dared to impugn their good reputation, it would be at the risk of inviting a thunderstorm of wrath. They talk as if humility was a mere sentiment of the mind, instead of being a dispensation of the heart, and as if it were made up, for the emergency, of humiliating confessions of depravity, and meek-mourning, and penitence. They talk as if nobody will deny that the three young men, who nobly stood their ground, and flung back in his teeth the challenge of the King of Babylon, were the humblest young men in that city—courtesans, polite and obedient, so far as truth would justify them, without that squeamishness and meek humility which frequently makes religion a mere travesty—a mere jelly-fish kind of thing, without back-bone or jaw-bone—indeed—indeed—indeed things in the Christian warfare.

What is Humility, Anyway?

It is not a sentiment—it is not made up of religious attitudes and humiliating confessions, coming only from the mouth, but it is a disposition of the heart—a principle that is compatible with the grandest profession of faith, and the most unrestricted and fearless expressions of fidelity. The professor who is wedded and wedded to his own humility, and who looks down on his most abject disciples, of course, in order to be a real happy person. When he groans, they must groan in response, and if they should inadvertently ejaculate a real good hallelujah, why, it would startle him. It would be very much like striking a wrong note in music, to a sensitive ear, and the peculiar sensation would be something like a "broken tooth or a foot out of joint." A good Christian, recently praised—"Lord, keep me humble! Keep me down at Thy feet, Lord!—down, down, down in the very dust, only just my eyebrows above the dust." That person's heart was right, and, while he was praying, he was lifted out of the dust, but lifted him to Pisgah's top, and ravished his soul with a faith view of the "Land that is fairer than day," while he shouted "Glory, glory, glory!" God did not want His servants to be lifted up, when the world would be likely to roll into his eyes, and blind him to faith's transcending vision.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon once found out his mistake. A person entered his prayer service, and began to pray, said: "O Lord, give me Mary's place."

"Oh, that I might forever sit With Mary at my Master's feet. And learn of Him."

He went on, his faith growing stronger and soaring higher, until suddenly he broke out and said, "No, my Master, I have not asked enough of Thee. Mary's place is too low for me, if I may have a higher. Lift me up, Lord. Lift me up; give me John's place."

"Oh, that I might, with favored John, Forever lean my head upon The bosom of my Lord."

Mr. Spurgeon was surprised, and said to himself, "Surely you have now asked enough." But the man soared away in the higher altitudes of communion on the wings of faith, and said, "Lord, John's place doth not suffice me; Thou hast lifted me up, O Thy Lord, from Thy low lift me up from Thy bosom to Thy lips," and then quoting the words of the spouse in the Canticles, he said, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His lips, for Thy love is better than wine."—"Let petitioners lift the lips of Thy benediction—let the lips of my praise meet the lips of Thy acceptance, so shall the kiss be consummated and my joy be complete." When Aunt Sally got in the blues she told the following parable: that there was one passage of Scripture that always consoled

her heart, brought her nearer the throne, and nerved her for the trials to come. "And what is that, Aunt Sally?" said she, the Dominie. "Well, sir," said she, "I don't know just whether it's in the Psalms or Proverbs where 'tis said,

"Grin and Bear it."

Aunt Sally was somewhat astray in her theology, but her idea was as good as the modern idea of some of our professional theologians. They seem not to recognize apostolic injunctions, while the undertone of pessimism is marked all through their platform ministrations. Away with such religious pessimism—such state, fruitless, joyless, barren, effete doctrine. Better rejoice in the place filled with "explosive religion" than with dry bones, such as Ezekiel saw in his vision. There is no room for pessimism in the Christian profession, if Christians meet God's conditions. God will ignore His own great fixed laws, if it be necessary, to meet the conditions of the faith of those who trust in Him, and give them the victory over human circumstances.

"To the law and to the testimony." "Quit you like men, be strong." "Stand fast in the faith." "Hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering." "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King." "Cry out and shout them inhabitants of Jerusalem, for Great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."

TO BE REMEMBERED ABOUT INDIA.

That India has been occupied, with always-increasing territory, by Great Britain since the first charter of the East India Company, in 1600.

That India has 688 native sovereignties.

That Queen Victoria became Empress of India in 1858, and that she delegates her rulership to 1,500 English gentlemen, 1,000 civilians, and 500 officers, who constitute the imperial service.

That the story of modern India begins with the suppression of the mutiny in 1857.

That the population of India is 278,000,000, of which 140,000,000 are women, and of these women 22,700,000 are widows.

That in India no less than 51 distinct languages exist, of which the Hindu language is spoken by 85,000,000.

That in the religions of India the Brahmans are represented by 200,000,000, the Mohammedans by 50,000,000, the Buddhists by 7,000,000, the Christians by 2,500,000, and the Parses by 100,000.

That the sacred books of the Brahmans are the Vedas; of the Mohammedans, the Koran; of the Buddhists, the Tripitaka; of the Christians, the Holy Bible; of the Parses, the Zend-Avesta.

That the great Indian epics are the Ramayana and the Mahabharata.

That in 1897 two hundred native newspapers were published in India.

That English education was introduced into India by Mr. Charles Grant, and the East India Company, in 1797, and the first grant made by the English Parliament was in 1813. That there are 300,000 pupils in mission evangelized schools.

That the occupation of the people of India is land cultivation, 60 per cent., of the people being engaged in farming, whose average income is \$32 a year.—Woman's Exchange.

Our Plans Wisely Wrecked.

God's plans for us are so much larger than our own that the two naturally come into collision. Our plans may include the ease and comfort of doing what we like best. God's plans value our ease and comfort but little, and our growth in goodness and usefulness a great deal. So He wrecks the neat nests we have made for ourselves, drives us out to new diggings, constrains us to strive efforts. Meanwhile we mourn over the wreck of our life, forgetting that life is not the gathering of pleasant surroundings, but the outgiving of efforts and affection for others. It takes time to see what He would have us achieve; but, when we do see, we find it some better good than we had dreamt of.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Cadet M. McKim, St. John, N. B., Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Canning, N. S.

Cadet White, St. John, N. B., Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Sussex, N. B.

Cadet W. Frazer, St. John, N. B., Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Hampton, N. B.

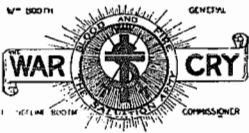
APPOINTMENTS—

ADJT. TURPIN, from furlough, to be assistant at St. John, Nfld., P. H. Q., under Brigadier Sharp.

ENSIGN GAMBLE, of Wallaceburg, to Guelph.

ENSIGN CRAWFORD, of Woodstock, to Galt.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



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All communications on matters relating to subscriptions, dispatches, and change of address, should be addressed to THE MANAGER, W. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

All correspondence, notices, and other matters should be sent to THE SECRETARY, W. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

All notices, notices, and other matters should be sent to THE MANAGER, W. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

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The Commissioner's Illness.

A exceedingly regret to announce that our beloved and devoted leader, the Commissioner, has again been, very low. The recent hot spell of weather, together with the incessant attention paid to urgent business affairs, has told disastrously upon the Commissioner, compelling her, though reluctantly, to cancel her Ottawa meetings. Skilful medical treatment is administered, but at present no satisfactory progress can be reported.

We are confident that all comrades and friends will unite in prayer to beseech the Throne of Mercy on behalf of a speedy recuperation of the Commissioner's health.

Personal Notes.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. Major Horn has been able to leave the Hospital, and is now satisfactorily progressing at her home.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Archibald, who for seven years has been suffering more or less with greatly impaired health, has entered Grace Hospital for an operation which medical examination considered advisable. Will our readers remember her in their prayers?

An unfortunate accident happened to Mrs. Staff-Capt. Stanton recently, on her return from a visit to the Commissioner, who is ill. She was returning in the Commissioner's rig, with her baby girl and two other ladies, at night, and when passing a rather dark part of Yonge Street, a street car, without warning, came crashing into the rig from behind. One lady jumped at the moment of the collision, and was severely bruised, while Mrs. Stanton was struck on the back of the head, inflicting an ugly wound. The doctor, which the street car company sent at once, is unable to tell the exact extent of the injury, but believes that there are no internal injuries. The baby escaped without a scratch.

Notes from the Commissioner's Desk.

"I am perfectly delighted with the Children's Shelter, and its management," said the Commissioner when returning from a visit to the Evangeline House for Children.

"Mrs. Crocker, a very considerate of her charges, and I believe she looks upon the twenty-seven darlings as her own family. At any rate, she would not look after her very own with greater devotion. Just think, she bathed every one of these twenty-seven little ones four and five times a day during the hot spell, and brought them through that trying season without one of them being sick, at a time when the mortality among the children in the city was the greatest in forty years." And the Commissioner's face lit up, and her voice grew enthusiastic as she described the pleasure of the children at her visit, their clean appearance and the motherly care of the Matron.

On Thursday morning we visited the Farm. Adj. Myles and Ensign Collet received the Commissioner most cordially, and were very considerate in looking after the comfort of the Commissioner, who was still very poorly. An old soldier and renowned War Cry drummer of Lippincott corps, who was employed in washing the bedding in the Men's House, with beaming face came forward at the Commissioner's call and shook hands with her. While resting a few minutes at the farm house, she saw a young soldier in to have a few words with her about her work and her own welfare. Upon hearing that our sister sold a considerable number of War Cry every week, and collected also a quantity of War Cry to be sent to the Central Prison, Commissioner purchased a dozen War Cry for the latter purpose from our comrade. When Mrs. Rowcock came out her face was all smiles and her work seemed ever so much easier.

Then the Commissioner inspected the improvements and alterations which were made at her wish to better provide for the discharged prisoners who seek the assistance of the Army. The Men's House has been thoroughly and economically altered. The east half, which is for the unemployed poor, to whom we give temporary employment, has been divided into living and dining room, down-stairs, and a large bed-room upstairs. The western half, which is set apart for discharged prisoners, comprises a fine, large reading-room, which is also to be used for school and meeting purposes. The large upper hall, divided by lath and plaster partitions into six clean and cozy dormitories, large enough to accommodate a bed, table, chair, and locker. When completed, these dormitories will be kalsomined, and, having a separate door, can be locked and kept private by each inmate.

THE WEEK.

September 4th, 1900.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

There has been little change in the feeling of the Chinese people. The Dowager Empress and the Emperor are still at large. The city of Peking is divided into districts, which are patrolled and guarded, each by one of the nations composing the allied troops. The British and American signers of the completed telegraph line from Taku to Peking.—Troops of Boxers and Chinese soldiers have been encountered near Peking by the allied patrols, but in most cases have been repulsed without much fighting.—The British General, the Percival, known for his complicity in the murder of the German Ambassador and the killing of other foreigners.—Russia has proposed to withdraw her troops from Peking, but the other Powers are opposed to such a policy.—Russian troops are still entering Man-

churia. In the centre a large corridor is to be used as a general sitting-room by the discharged prisoners. The Commissioner's face beamed with delight at the prospect of being able to supply such a desirable accommodation for the men. The prison aid work, which has so rapidly developed in Toronto, lies very near her heart, and she has received many touching letters from friends of prisoners who have been helped by the Army.

Though the Commissioner's time was limited, on account of having to keep several appointments in the afternoon, yet she could not part from the farm without inspecting the five stock and the abundant harvest of grain. The barn indeed has been filled to the roof with golden sheaves of wheat and oats. The harvest is said, by many who have lived in that neighborhood, to be the best for twelve years that has been reaped off that piece of land. Adj. Myles' face wore a very generous smile when he led us up to his stacked barn. The horses, cattle, pigs, and poultry were inspected in turn by the Commissioner. Everything looked very prosperous. The stables presented a clean appearance; in fact, the farm itself, decided improvement in many respects. A beautiful, straight and strong woven wire fence (no barb wire, please) has been erected. One of the discharged prisoners was digging a drain for laying water pipes to supply the dairy from an excellent well, with electric water. Ensign Collet had prepared a very nice dinner for Commissioner and party, after which our leader called in the officers and soldiers on the farm for a few words of prayer and thanksgiving. That this was considered a prized privilege by officers and soldiers alike could readily be observed.

We ought to say a few words about the energetic and unflinching toil of Adjutant Myles, who has most faithfully discharged his duty as Governor of the Farm since March, 1899. A brave and energetic of the Army, ever his consideration, and he does not spare himself in promoting the interests of his charge.

We cannot avoid mentioning the following incident. Adj. Myles showed the Commissioner a box of puppies of an undefined mixture of brown and black, which he defined as Collies, worth \$25 a-piece. Your humble servant would scarcely have risked the investment of a twenty-five-cent piece for one of these, but the Adjutant assured that he would catch cattle at the word of command before many weeks had passed. Of course the Adjutant ought to know, we don't. But we heartily wish, in the interests of the Army, that he will receive \$25 for the puppies, and that they will prove a profitable investment to the purchasers.

churia.—A number of foreigners received at Peking have been conducted by the Americans to Tien Tsin.—Russian, German, and Japanese troops are being continually pushed forward to Peking.—Xu, Governor of Shengsi, boasts of having invited over fifty foreigners to seek his protection, and then murdered them.—Seventy missionaries from China have arrived at Vancouver, B. C.—Prince Ching, noted for his friendliness towards foreigners, is endeavoring to open negotiations for peace with the allied Powers.—The Empress Dowager had executed all her ministers who were friendly to foreigners, since the arrival of the allied troops at Peking.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The latest developments in the South African situation is Lord Roberts' proclamation of September 1st, declaring the South African Republic annexed to the British Empire, to be known hereafter as the Transvaal.—A commando of Boers have invaded the Bechuanaland at Lydenburg, Orange River Colony, and it is feared the Garrison will have to

surrender. They have already burned their stores.—Lord Roberts is steadily advancing upon the last stronghold of the Transvaal troops, General Buller has captured Bergendal, which was reported to be a strong position. Many Boers and a pom-pom were taken.—Generals French and Buller-Powell have also advanced simultaneously, and General Buller has now occupied Machodorp.—The Boers are said to be flying to Lydenburg District, which on account of its mountainous formation, is almost impenetrable.—All the British prisoners at Nieuwlandt are at liberty; they numbered about one thousand.—The Strathcona mounted troops took part in the taking of Machodorp.—Presidents Kruger and Steyn are reported to have gone to Barberton, and are believed to be preparing for flight.

NORTH AMERICAN NOTES.

The San Jose scale has been discovered on apple trees near London, Ont.—Lieut.-Colonel Otter, in charge of the 1st Canadian Contingent in South Africa, has been promoted to full Colonel.—A fire at the Dominion Cotton Mill, at St. Anne, Quebec, caused a damage of \$200,000 worth of raw cotton.—A terrible wind and rain storm has passed over Manitoba and Assiniboia, causing enormous loss to farmers in the destruction of houses, barns, and stables.—A big fire in the lumber district of Montreal destroyed considerable property.—Large orders for the supplies of the British troops in China have been placed in Canada.—The U. S. A. Government is sending a transport to Cape Nome to the work a number of destitute miners.—Over two thousand emigrants have arrived at Winnipeg during August.—Two miners were killed by a dynamite explosion at the Cordova Exploration Mines.—A great number of mining accidents have been reported during the week.—The ship "Oregon," which was wrecked in Chinese waters, has now been completely repaired.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

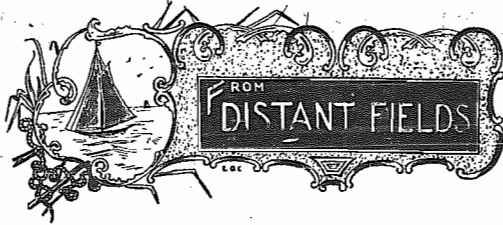
The Bubonic plague at Glasgow is spreading. There are now ninety-three cases under observation, and several deaths have resulted from it.—A number of Anarchists have been arrested on the charge of trying to kill the present Italian King.—The Council of Ministers in China has decided to hold Li Hung Chang on board ship until further developments.—Bresel, the Italian Anarchist who assassinated King Humbert, has been sentenced to life imprisonment, during which he will see no human face, not even that of the grocer who will bring us food.—The strike of colliers and railway men in Wales is ended, the companies having conceded the demands of the men.—Over fifty thousand men were on strike.—The Hamburg-American liner, "Deutschland," now holds the record for the Atlantic trip, both going east and west.—Typhoid fever is alarmingly increasing in Paris, due chiefly to impure water.—Great Britain has paid an indemnity of \$400,000 to German ship-owners, for detention of their vessels in South African waters.—Official reports show during the week ending August 25th, nearly eight thousand deaths from cholera in India, being a slight decrease on the previous week.—The situation between Bulgaria and Rumania is still looking very serious.—Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria threatens to resign if war is declared.—A cyclone at Auckland has caused more damage than the seven months' siege during the war.

MEMORIAL SERVICES OF MRS.

PHILLIPS AT LONDON, ONT.

(Special.)

Memorial services of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips in London, conducted by Major and Mrs. McMillan, were of impressive character. The services were held at 17 out of full salvation. Sunday night 1st came mightily upon us, and as Staff-Capt. Phillips spoke the people were very much moved. The Major spoke very forcibly from Revelation, and as a result of the spiritual for service, and five came for salvation, making a total of 60 for the day.



On Sunday, August 20th, the Chief of the Staff will be at Hadleigh with two hundred Local Officers. The Chief has a warm side for the Locals.

Mrs. Dowdle was present at the Chief's Staff Councils.

The General's week-end at Chatham, Eng., resulted in one hundred and eighteen souls at the Cross.

The Chief of the Staff has commenced a new series of Headquarters Officers' meetings, with three sittings on a recent Saturday, in the Women's Social Hall, Clapton. 70 officers, mostly of the Women's Social Branch, were present.

The Indian Famline Fund opened by I. H. G. has realized up to August 17th, over \$62,000, yet this is but sufficient to relieve a small portion of the great need.

Market House is the name of some place in England which has not yet shaken off ancient usages. Capt. Norris was summoned for obstruction while holding an open-air, and fined ten shillings and costs. The Captain refused to pay the fine, and chose to go to prison for two weeks instead.



Men, women, and little children, picked up from the streets and wayides, and laid on stretchers, pass our Headquarters with such frequency, that our comrades have come to regard these daily occurrences with the same feeling as those that take place in the natural course of things.

After being gathered together, these poor, unfortunate creatures are sent on by bullock-cart to the Poor House, at Dhulakot, where the total number of inmates at present amount to no less a figure than 2,000.

We have just taken into our charge a little mite of about 12 months—a girl—upon whom our Swedish comrade, Emma Nithaya Bains, lavishes all her motherly care and affection. It would appear that the brother of the little girl brought her to us to save her life from starvation.

A party of 70 famine girls are being gathered together by us for an orphanage in the N. W. P. connected with the American Union Mission.

Regarding the number of people on Famine Relief, there has been a rise of fully a quarter of a million all over India.

At Vansar, a few miles from Kaira, and where we have a District Headquarters, some 4,000 people are employed on Famine Relief in the shape of excavating a large tank, three miles in circumference.



For some weeks now Commissioner Kilbey has been anxious to get away to Johannesburg and Pretoria, for the purpose of re-organizing our work in these towns, but permits being at the present unobtainable, he is reluctantly compelled to wait awhile.

Commissioner Railton is visiting Matfeking for a few days.

Weekly meetings continue to be held at the Military Camp, in the Cape Town district, with encouraging results.

Eighteen souls in thirteen days is Adjutant Murray's latest record. Surely the N. and M. League is advancing right and left.



A record change of officers, numbering 680, and affecting 418 corps, has just taken place.

The Memorial Hall, Adelaide, is to undergo alterations.

The Commandant has on foot a scheme for aiding the furnishing of officers' quarters.

Our Australasian Social Institutions number 62, and include 8 Maternity Homes, 17 Rescue Homes, 2 Women's Shelters and Slum Posts, 3 Girls' Homes, 1 Children's Home, 1 Women's Food Depot, 2 Women's Industrial Colonies, 7 Prison-Gate Homes, 7 Men's Shelters, 2 Labor Yards, 6 Men's Food Depots, 3 Men's Industrial Colonies, 2 Boys' Homes, and 1 Old Men's Home.

Adj. Burgess has been appointed General Secretary for the Women's Social Work, under Mrs. Commandant Booth.

The Commandant has just conducted a series of Local Officers' and Soldiers' Councils in the city of Melbourne. They were times of marvelous blessing, instruction, and power. Similar gatherings are to be addressed by the Commandant at the various centres of the Territory.

Sunday, August 12th, was set apart throughout the Territory as Indian Famine Sunday.



Japan has just concluded a three weeks' special campaign, for souls, resulting in over 400 sinners at the Cross, a good increase in the soldiers' and recruits' roll, and the work receiving a good impetus.

A commodious and suitable premises has lately been secured for our Prison-Gate work in Tokyo. It has accommodation for about forty men.

A new Headquarters has also been secured. It is a three-storyed building, very central, and well adapted for Salvation Army purposes.

The Soldiers' Home in Yokohama is extending its borders. The next house has been taken, in which has been fitted up extra bed-rooms, meeting room, bath-rooms, etc., etc. This will be a great boon to our naval lads, who appreciate the Home very much.



Weekly union prayer meetings on behalf of China's sad condition are being held in San Francisco. Fifty-one Christian Gaijines and five Americans were present on the occasion of this meeting, being held in our hall.

Adj. Arlett's health still continues very unsatisfactory.

Cousin Mrs. Booth-Tucker is at last on the decided road to improvement. Up to last Sunday the sufferer made little or no progress. The doctor hopes that a few more weeks will fully restore her.

Colonel Higgins, accompanied by Lt. Colonel French, conducted week-end meetings at Old Orchard Camp.

A new five cent Song Book has been issued by the Commander, and is considered a "decided hit."

Colonel French and Major Walder conducted a Corps Cadets' camp at Batavia, Ill., with great success. Seventy-five souls were captured.

Fort Amity Farm Colony had a visit from the Commander. The Colony is doing remarkably well. Over 700 crates of canteloupes have been shipped by the colonists, and probably another 2,000 crates will be shipped. The Santa Fe Railroad, which runs through the Colony, has built a loading track, freight platform, weigh scales, melon shed, coal house, etc. The Fort Amity Institute meets fortnightly to discuss all temporary interests of the Colony, and from its members are selected the Board of Water Commissioners, who control the water distribution of the irrigation canal, and the Cemetery Directors. Prizes have been given for the best colonist's cottage and grounds, and the best sugar beets.

News Notes.

The Territorial Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Margette, starts this week on a six-weeks' tour through the Eastern and Newfoundland Provinces.

Of late the preliminary arrangements for the Harvest Festival have been occupying much of the Lieut.-Colonel's attention. The new poster, printed in colors, is a magnificent production, and should find additional attraction to the H. F. gatherings.

The Army's Sunday, both at the Central Prison and the Mercer Reformatory, were enjoyed by the prisoners. The addresses delivered by Lieut.-Colonel Margette were on straight salvation lines.

Major Smeeton has left for Newfoundland on business pertaining to our prospects on the Island. Adj. Turpin has also left to take up his new duties there.

Our Ottawa property has been sold. Our Ottawa comrades will rent temporary premises until arrangements are made to re-build.

The General Secretary is hard at work on the Company Manual.

The Administrative of the Central Ontario Province, taking advantage of the Exhibition rates, have arranged three days' Officers', Local Officers', and Soldiers' Councils, and are looking forward to these meetings with great expectations.

The opening of Riverside new barracks, last Thursday night, was the occasion of an enthusiastic demonstration. Over \$600 was raised towards the Building Fund.

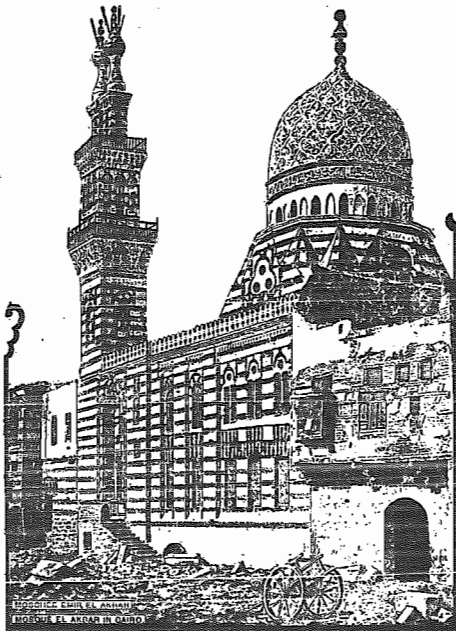
Staff-Capt. Manton has returned, delighted beyond measure with his late trip to the Old Land. He speaks of having breakfasted with the General, attending several meetings and councils conducted by the Chief of the Staff. Words fail to express his appreciation of the splendid treatment and courtesy received on every hand. May God bless our veteran warrior. We are pleased to see him again. War Cry readers will be receiving further interesting details of the Staff-Captain's trip.

Adj. Adams, of the Trade Department, is again at his post.

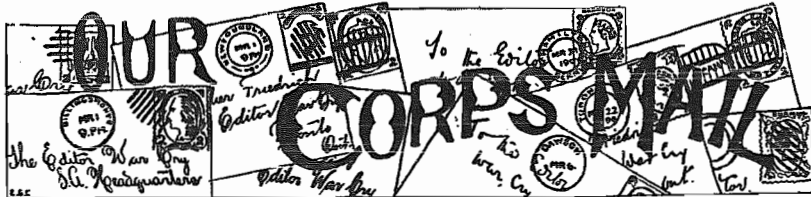
MAJOR PICKERING AND HIS HANDBELL RINGERS AT PARKSBORO, N.S.

(By wire.)

Parksboro had a visit from Major Pickering, accompanied by the Handbell Ringers. Magnificent crowds. Place stirred. Major's address, "A Soldier's Confession," listened to with wrapt attention; mighty conviction; twelve souls at the cross. Collection, forty-five dollars. Corps steadily rising.—Captain Ritchie.



MOSQUE EL AKBAR, CAIRO.



Making Things Hum.

REVELSTUKE, B. C.—I am glad to report progress in Revelstoke. Last Saturday and Sunday we had with us Capt. Haas, who fairly made things hum, and we finished up a glorious Sunday with two souls in the Fountain; both of whom intend taking their staid as soldiers. Hallelujah! On Monday we all turned out to see the last of Capt. Haas, who left for Rossland, and who, during her stay here of seven months, has made many friends. We are sorry to lose her, but our loss—or rather our Gain—is now Rossland's Gain. On Thursday we were glad to welcome our new C. O., Capt. Southall, who arrived from the "mouth all" alone. Cadet Owens, who acts as her Lieutenant, having arrived some weeks ago. We are believing for a glorious time, as things are looking up a little.—R. H. B.

Outpost Victories.

COLLINGWOOD.—In our meeting at the country outpost, we were able to rejoice over two backsliders and one Junior coming to the Cross. On Sunday Cand. Smith and Bro. Pittman, of Midland helped in the meetings all day, and at night we were pleased to have Adj. Moore, of St. Catharines, visit us.—J. M. McEwan, Capt.; L. A. Pattender, Lieut.

Brigadier Pugmire and His Family.

ST. JOHNSBURY corps was still looking up and marching. We don't see many conversions, and sinners are not convicted as deeply as we would wish, yet "Faith is the victory," and we are believing that many shall yet turn to the Lord and prove that He is mighty to save. About a week after the wedding we were made glad by seeing Brigadier Pugmire once more, and this time not only the Brigadier, but Mrs. Pugmire and the four little Pugmires. The meeting was beautiful and greatly enjoyed by all present. Quite a good number were on the march, and with the splendid attraction afforded by the two cornets and two drums, we were enabled to gather a large crowd at the open-air meeting on the street corner. Berie and Myrtle did splendidly, both in the open-air and the indoor meetings. The people will not soon forget their songs and drills. One stalwart soldier was enrolled under the Blood-and-Fire Flag. We pray that God may keep him true and faithful. One poor backslider returned and sought the favor of God.—W. C. B.

Dancing Happy.

GRAVENHURST.—God is blessing us and giving us the victory. Glory to His name. In our last Sunday night's meeting, two prodigals came home. We gave vent to our feelings by marching around the hall, and one sister, how she danced! God is very good to us. Our crowds and collections are splendid.—Cadet Loushead.

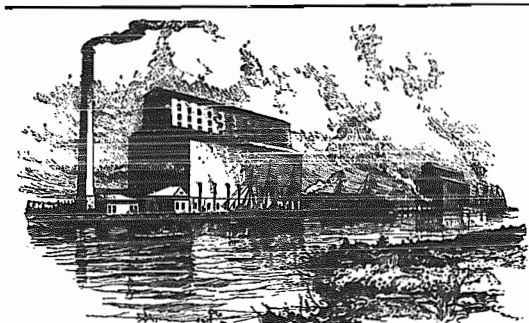
Prospects of an Enrolment.

PRESCOTT.—God is giving us victory here. Since last report several have, with uplifted hand, desired our prayers. One of them was saved yesterday (Sunday) morning, and has taken her stand as a Blood-and-Fire warrior of the Cross. Glory to God! We are believing for the others with that faith that "cries it shall be done." Our recruits are

doing well, and we expect in the very near future to have an enrolment. Yours, fighting to win, Capt. Weir, and Cadet-Lieut. Rutledge.

Mrs. Major Turner at Orangeville.

ORANGEVILLE.—Saturday and Sunday it was easily to be seen that there was a little more than the ordinary stir in Army circles here. Saturday evening we took our stand in the opera. The whole town being excited over the Dufferin Lacrosse Team, of Orangeville, taking the championship. A great fire was built on the main street, and crowds of people thronged to the place. However, the Champion of the Cross of Calvary, with their little team, scored a glorious victory. Sunday, we began at knee-drill with nine present, and finished the day's meetings with two souls in the Fountain. The night meeting was a time of power. Mrs. Turner pleaded earnestly with the people. The first to volunteer was a boy, who rushed out to the pentagon when the "a-out" was given. Then a young man came. The attendance and finances were all that could be desired.—N. R. T.



PORT WILLIAM, ONT., FROM THE WATER-FRONT.

Jesus with Them in the Jail.

"**SKAGWAY** for Jesus," is our motto. Our open-airs are improving. Many stand and listen to the "old, old story." Bro. and Sister Gikie have had to leave us for a time, but like good salvationists they are holding meetings nightly at White Horse, where they now live. One of the saved Indians, sentenced to life imprisonment on McNeil's Island, for the murder of the Hortons, writes he is living up Jesus in the jail, and God is blessing him. Bro. Hanson, though expecting soon to pay the penalty of his crime, is rejoicing in the assurance of sins forgiven and happy, though condemned to die. God has greatly blessed the work here. Those finding salvation have gone away to spread the glad news. The people here believe in the S. A., and are assisting us by their practical sympathy.—Gooding and Long, C. O's.

A Victorious Week-End.

ST. THOMAS.—We had a wonderful time at St. Thomas last week-end. One soul out at the holiness meeting. An old-time, Blood-and-Fire meeting in the afternoon, when three were enrolled under the old flag, and eight out for salvation at night. The night's meeting was kept up until midnight. God wonderfully blessed us.—Cand. Burny, for Ensign Slote.

We are Rising.

OTTAWA.—During the last two weeks God has wonderfully poured out His Spirit in our midst, and His name has been honored by the salvation of many souls. During the aforesaid period ten souls have sought and found holiness. On the 18th of August we had a special meeting led by the band, at which Mrs. Ann Gordon, President of the Young Women's Christian Associa-

tion, delivered a very powerful address, warning the sinners to seek salvation. At the close of this meeting ice cream was served, the proceeds to go towards assisting Bandmaster John Duncan in securing a new cornet. Comrade Magee was helping us to roll the old chariot along on Sunday, 26th of August. The S. A. is rising in Ottawa, and souls are getting saved and sanctified. Praise God!—Albert French, Sec.

Musical Meetings.

RAT PORTAGE.—Open-airs are now the order of the day. Large crowds listen to the Gospel message on the street every night. A musical meeting was held on Saturday night, and while the ed. Everyone enjoyed the music rendered by both the brass and string bands, also the vocal selections. We are gathering ourselves together for Harvest Festival.—J. H. C.

Old-Time Blessings.

LINDSAY.—Just to let the War Cry readers know that Lindsay corps is not altogether dead, I would just like to

reminded us of his late advice to "keep cool," but it was pretty hard until we had eaten ice cream, we then felt a little better. I might say at the latter part of the meeting, Brigadier Gaskin came to the front and had a few words with us. Much credit is due to Brigadier for getting such a splendid crowd.—One who was there.

Attracted by the Drum.

STRATFORD.—Who said we were dead? Praise God, some of us are in- ing yet. We have gone through very trials lately, but our Redeemer has brought us off more than conquerors, and now it is victory. A few weeks ago a poor heart-broken drunk came to our meeting, attracted by the good old drum. He cried for mercy, and, glory to the Bleeding Lamb, he found it at Jesus feet. A backslider has also given himself afresh to God. Late, a young man was drawn to the barracks through the open-air efforts, and, praise God, he re- ceived election from his sins. They are all giving God the glory, our prayers and crowds are on the increase. Our Junior work, too, is rising. We have just received, with the deepest sorrow, the news of the promotion to 1-st of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips—J. A. Fletcher, J. S. Sergt., for Ensign Scott.

Lieut.-Col. Reed Visits Montreal.

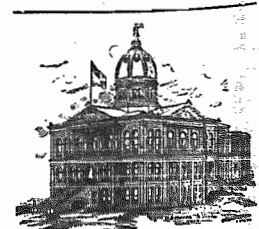
MON.-DEAL L.—Since last report we can praise God for victory. Although the devil tries to keep the people from deciding for the right, we have proved that our God is able to save. Of late a number of souls have found their way to the foot of the Cross, and by looking to the Saviour, who never turns a seeking soul away, they have proved there was cleansing for them. On Sunday we had a visit from Lieut.-Colonel McLeod and Staff-Capt. Burnin. Although the weather was against us, it being very hot, God came very near, and one precious soul plunged into the Fountain and had her sins washed away. We give God all the glory and march on to greater victory.—H. Tytus.

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp's Visit.

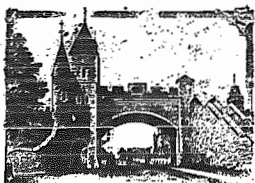
PILLEY'S ISLAND.—We have just had a special meeting in the shape of a gramophone service, given by our most esteemed Provincial Officer, Brigadier Sharp. The Brigadier was expected to arrive a day or two before, but on account of the inclemency of the weather, was detained. We were much pleased, however, to see, at 1:30 p.m., on Saturday, a group of Salvationists approach the quarters. They were as follows: Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, Ensign Gelling, Capt. Trask, Higdon, and Follett, and Sergt. Condy. Immediately posters were got out announcing their arrival, and the service began at 8 o'clock. The gramophone gave a novelty here, caused a fair crowd to gather, and according to what we heard, everybody was highly pleased. This being Mrs. Sharp's first visit, volleys of welcome were repeatedly fired. When she rose to speak she thanked the soldiers and friends for the address, after which the Brigadier commented on the words, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion," which was well received. The Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp take the steamer City to look for Exploits.—Jim James, Capt.

Welcome Home Meeting.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND.—Officers and soldiers here are well in soul and on fire for the salvation of the people all we have known Capt. Mercer, and pray that during her stay here God will give us many precious souls. Sunday night's meeting was a time of rejoicing, and we were very much appreciated. We had with us Capt. Parsons, who is at present on furlough. We are believing to see God's work revive in the hearts of the people here.—Froh-Lieut. Parsons.



COURT HOUSE, VANCOUVER, B.C.



ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

Marching 85 Years Old.

TILSONBURG.—We are still marching on in spite of the excessive heat. On Sunday afternoon Father Williams, a good old army friend, 85 years old, marched with us. God bless him! We like to see him smiling face and hear his ringing words of praise to God. A good crowd attended the night meeting. God was near and conviction was visible on many faces, but none yielded. Lord save them, "in our prayer."—E. M. H., O. O.

Hottest Day of Season.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Our barracks was filled on Sunday, in spite of it being the hottest day we have had this summer. The meetings were soul-stirring times, with one backslider at the Cross. The united meeting on Monday night was led by Ensign Parsons, assisted by Capt. Leadley and Laws, Lieut. McLennan, and Cadet Weakley. Some excellent solos were sung by the visiting officers. Our hall was crowded with people for singing a solo, with a different tune to each verse. At the close one soul got saved. His companion was so badly convicted that he came next night and got right.—Miss Pike, Sec., for Capt. and Mrs. Thompson.

Drummers Donate a Drum.

GREAT FALLS, Mont.—"Blood and Fire" is our motto. We are having glorious times right along. Souls are being saved and God is being glorified. On going into our hall the other night, we discovered our drumhead all smashed in and useless, so we have been without drums for over a week. As we were taking our stand as usual in front of the Park Hotel. On the veranda were seated a number of drummers, who clubbed together and presented us with close on ten dollars towards a new drum. We were taken by surprise, but heartily thanked the gentlemen who had been so kind as to assist us so generously without solicitation. May God bless the drummers. They have brave and generous hearts. Our hall was crowded last night in spite of the heat. H. F. has already gone.—Sheard and Smith.

Lantern Service and Ice Cream.

BUTTE, Mont.—We are still marching on to victory. We have not seen many souls of late, but believe that some good is being accomplished for God. Our week-end meetings were good. On Friday night we had with us Ensign Stacey, and Lieut. Parsons. The scenes were both interesting and impressive. The subject was, "The dying Saviour, and the Gypsy Girl." A nice crowd attended this special meeting. The Ensign remained with us for Saturday night, when we had a nice cool-off with ice cream and cake. The Butte folks are just the people to keep the waters going when ice cream is on the boards. Needless to say, those attending the ice cream social were themselves immensely. We had good meetings all day on Sunday, especially at night, when the Spirit of God spoke to many hearts. Although no one yielded, we believe a great impression was made on the minds of those that after a long illness, Mrs. Adj. Gale is again at the battle's front, fighting for God and souls. To God be all the glory.—R. P., R. C.

Nine Souls.

MEDICINE HAT, Alta.—"The power of God has been very manifest in our meetings of late, and since last report we can lift up our hearts in love and thanksgiving to the Lord of grace for nine precious souls who have knelt at our Army pulpit form and received God's free gift of love and life eternal. We solicit the prayers of our comrades everywhere for sick Medicine Hat. May the time come when all the sinners of our little western town will have deserted perilous Satan, and consecrated themselves to the service of Jesus Christ."—P. C. Bonnell.

Major Stewart at Yorkville.

YORKVILLE.—We are still fighting on at Yorkville, and through and through victory. Last Sunday we had with us Major Stewart, Ensign Lowrie, Capt. Crocker and Headlip, Capt. and Mrs. McClelland, Capt. and Mrs. Stacey, and Lieuts. Chapman and Crocker. Best of all, we had with us the meetings were very impressive throughout the day, and we had the joy of seeing a prodigal come home in the night meeting. On Tuesday night we had Ensign Burrows, with his lantern. Results: God's grace and splendid service, become very satisfactory and our souls blessed. Hallelujah! Come again, Ensign.—Treas. Bailey, Act. Cor.

"Out of Great Tribulation."

MRS. STAFF-CAPT. PHILLIPS' LIFE AND DEATH.

The Service in the Jubilee Hall and the Funeral.

"I thank God who is with Jesus. I would not wish her back to the agony of suffering she endured during the last eight months."

Staff-Capt. Phillips, pale and broken in spirit, uttered these words. He feels deeply the great vacancy left in his life by the death of her who, for seventeen years, has been his constant companion, but her happy role for an intense suffering in the body is so great a gain to her that the Staff-Captain realizes, even in his great loss, some relief from the fearful tension under which he has lived lately.

that comes from such knowledge, which must be most precious in sight of Jordan.

On Thursday afternoon, August 23rd, seventeen minutes past four, our sister passed peacefully away. She had been suffering considerably that day, and neither food nor drink had passed her lips, but shortly before her death she felt somewhat better, and fell into a quiet sleep from which she never awakened.

Never awakened? Oh, yes! She found herself in a land of rest, where tears and sickness are unknown, and where God Himself is the Sun of it.

THE SERVICE AT THE TEMPLE.

The body had been shipped on Friday night to Toronto. On Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, an impressive funeral service was begun by Lieut.-Colonel Margatets.

Ensign Wakefield, on behalf of the London corps, which had deputed him as their representative, spoke eloquently of the excellent influence of Mrs. Phillips upon his corps, of which she was a soldier.

Then followed Major McMillan, the Provincial Secretary, with a brief address, in which he dwelt upon the blessed comradeship which existed in the Army, and which makes a comrade's loss our loss. He spoke with fervent conviction of the patient suffering and saintly fortitude of the promoted warrior.

The warm and appreciative words of Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Margatets, on behalf of the women-officers, were listened to with emotion, and many a tear coursed down the cheeks of her hearers.

The Lieut.-Colonel read a consoling passage of scripture, after which the Staff-Captain rose to speak.

All hearts went out in sincerest sympathy to the chief mourner. He started with an uncertain voice, but soon found his old steadiness. He spoke of his beloved wife and the lingering illness. He thanked God for the wonderful manner in which He had supported him. "As thy days so shall thy strength be," had proved a true promise, and he was more than ever confirmed in his faith in God. He prayed that the service might be a means of blessing in saving men, that was the desire of his dear wife ere she had died.

When death was unmistakably approaching, he had asked her, "Do you still find, Jesus, my Saviour?" "Yes, my precious," was the quick and joyful rejoinder. He would follow Christ to the end.

Capt. Easton soloed one of Mrs. Phillips' favorite songs, "Angels call the roll up yonder," and Lieut.-Colonel Margatets read the following message from the Commissioner:

THE COMMISSIONER'S LETTER OF SYMPATHY.

My dear Comrades and Friends,—

Another follower of the Lamb and warrior of the Cross has left our ranks for a better world. We would not have her better warfare is finished—Christ, in His boundless love, has closed behind her the gates of all strife, sorrow, and pain, and called her to the reward. But there is the empty place left in the homes of those who loved her, and the wound in the heart of those who were closest to her. These we may only pray to the consoling Spirit of Him who is acquainted with all our griefs, will uphold and comfort.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips was a true child of God and a loyal soldier of the Faith. Her life, although still in death, will go on to speak to those of us who remain, bidding us walk worthy of our calling; bidding us follow closely our Master; bidding us hold firmly to the faith, that at our day he will be said of us that we were "faithful unto death."

Praying for the bereaved with great fervency and tenderness, and asking that God will make this gathering a means of new consecration and inspiration to

my officers and soldiers and of salvation to some poor, dark heart.

Your Commissioner, sharing with you all your joys and sorrows,

Evangeline Booth.

Then the service closed. Six officers carried the coffin to the hearse; the Staff Band formed up, followed by officers and soldiers, and headed by the flag-bearer, with whose ribbon the march slowly advanced up Yonge Street.

AT THE GRAVESIDE.

The sun was shining, and the robins flew hither and thither when the procession arrived at Mount Pleasant cemetery.

A flood of memories passed through our mind as we beheld the circular Army plot with the plain obelisk, bearing the Blood-and-Fire crest. It had been laid to rest the mortal remains of many a well-known warrior. Another grave had been dug and was waiting for another casualty.

The service was brief. Staff-Captain Morris sang a verse of "Come, come with me," the chorus of which was a favorite of our departed sister. The Lieut.-Colonel read the Army Burial Service, and Brigadier Friedrich, who had known the Staff-Captain and his wife throughout their Canadian career as officers, said a few words of the sterling, sympathetic, and uncompromising life of the now promoted comrade.

We turned away with the feeling of a great loss, and yet with a strong faith in God, Who can save to the uttermost. His salvation robs death of its sting and triumphs over the grave.

The Staff-Captain desires to thank, through the War Cry, the Commissioner, Headquarters, and numerous officers, soldiers, and friends, who so feelingly expressed their sympathy with Mrs. Phillips during her illness, as well as with him in his bereavement. He feels grateful beyond expression for the innumerable letters of condolence.

Floral contributions were sent by the Commissioner, Territorial Headquarters, Major and Mrs. McMillan on behalf of the Province and Army Staff, Ensign Wakefield on behalf of London corps, the London League of Mercy, and several others.

Two Brigades.

KENTVILLE, N. S.—Our open-air work is going on well. On Sunday the force of fourteen divided for the open-air work going to the Porter House, and seven to the American Hotel. The result was a large number of people were reached by the message we carried, and it proved a great advantage to us financially.—A. Jess, R. C.

Thermometer 100 Degrees in the Barracks.

BILLINGS, Mont.—We are still in the glorious war, and although the fight is hard, we are winning. We have four souls have knelt at the Cross since our return here. We have had a very hot time, the thermometer registering over a hundred degrees in the hall. Of course as a result our comrades inside have been small. We have just had a visit from our P. O's. God bless them! They proved a blessing to all of us. Our numbers are not very large, but there are some very striking cases of men here in the barracks. Look out, in a future Cry, for a short sketch of the life of one—The Saved Butcher.

Hallelujah Dance.

DARTMOUTH.—It is quite a long time since you have heard from Dartmouth, but, praise the Lord, we are not dead. The comrades are bravely pushing the old cherub along, and they do no longer lag behind. A few souls have been saved, and more are under conviction. We are praying they may soon seek the Saviour. May God grant it. Mrs. Capt. McElheney and Lieut. Redwood are so happy in meeting recently that they had a dance. It does one good to see the Lieutenant dance. Perhaps they have been taking lessons from Capt. McElheney. Major Fickering, with the Hand-Bell Band, were there a few days ago. The meetings were enjoyed by all, and we believe were a great blessing. May the Lord abundantly bless the Troupe.—A friend, for Mrs. McElheney and Lieut. Redmond.



(Continued from last week.)

We were dwelling last week on the various notes of Summer—lessons that its bright months in the natural world may teach us, and we especially spoke of the song of the scythe, or the lesson of harvest, with its whitened fields of special need, waiting but a definite word or final touch of prayer or faith that would make now treading the field of indecision might be gathered into the garner of salvation and service.

The last few days, in moments when the immediate influx of the battle's claims has found a pause, my mind has been wandering to the birds—those companions of the sunny season—and their sweet harmonious note has stirred my heart in appreciation of the song of sweet content, that in all climates alike they sing.

Strictly speaking, I suppose, America is not a land where the song of the bird is the richest. It seems that in countries where less extremes of climate are to be found the birds congregate in greater numbers and more varying character, while their song forms

A CEASELESS ORCHESTRA.

a flood of music, one long harmonious chorus throughout the Summer day, only to be intervened with the nightingale's sweet note through the starlit season of the night.

But whether in profuse numbers or not, these songsters are to be found elsewhere, America can boast her numberless millions of glad-voiced warblers, and the theme of their chant—the burden of their song—the lessons they bring to the hearts of ten thousand homes at once, to your heart and mine, seems one and the same. It lends music to that immortal language of St. Paul.

"In whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. It seems to work out the truth that "For a man's life consisteth in the abundance of the things that he possesseth," and to repeat as chorus in which its thrilling call could tempt us all to join, "Folldness with contentment is great."

No resisting of the inevitable, no repining at the order of providence, no wasteful chafing over the past, no fearing and doubting regarding the future.

AND YET YOU SING.

Some of you are older, and might already line your nests with suffering and disappointment and mysterious mysteries of life's little day—and yet you sing. And some of you are old. The sweet morning and more brilliant noonday of promise and plenty have fled for ever. We are old, and yet you sing. A little birds, as I hearken to your note and look upon you in your innocent flutterings and trustful wanderings and busy buildings and sunny singings, I am reminded of how many of God's people have been like you, and in my heart is born again the desire to cultivate more earnestly your lovely spirit of sweet content.

Was it your not piercing prison gratings, and reaching the ear of that soldier-saint of years gone by (Madame Guyon) that awoke her heart in the melody of the following language (interpreted from the French) in praise of God:

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him Who placed me there;
Well we dread a prisoner to be,
For O my God, it pleaseth Thee.

"Oh, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him Whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy might will I find
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

Then, there is the

THE SONG OF THE BUD.

Running through the golden grain, cutworn around the stalwart oak, at the core of the ripened fruit and the heart of the fall-blown Summer flower, there seems to me to be one little story repeated again and again, one tender melody that falls upon one's ear with the mingled pathos and sweetness of the lullaby our mother sang as she rocked us in the cradle of her love long years ago.

It is just the one fact, the one immortal fact, that what we do with the seedling, what we make of the bud, the Summer's harvest reveals it.

Is this not a note of chorion sound, of trumpet-call to us Salvationists? To us who are mothers and fathers, to those of us who are guardians of the young, in whatsoever capacity, and we are not all in this shape or measure, or set for the fall or rise of the little ones? Has not God so set us on a hill, so placed us in the family circle, so tied us together in the bundle of life, that we may become the example, the inspiration, the polar star of full many a young life, which, when the day of harvest comes and the rich results of the long-ago sowing shall be reaped, God may point His finger of remembrance back and say, regarding our tender planting or watering, or pruning of the seed in that young heart, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

Surely, the great army of the young that is growing up within our own borders should constitute the greatest encouragement to be found in the history of Christendom to us as officers and soldiers to rise and go forward, looking well to the seeds, to the buds, to the beginnings of things; in other words, to the future of today, who will form the veterans of the future, who will come up and on to take our places, and whose greater number and more desperate zeal, profiting by our experience, shall form an infinitely more effective and God-honoring host of conquerors than those to be found on our present-day field.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Read in Montreal.

Montreal has again been favored by a visit from Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read. Two meetings were led by the Colonel on Sunday, the 26th inst., at No. 1 barracks, which were thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and many were brought into closer touch with the Master. Those who have not yet been fully described by her, as One Who is interested in all spheres of life. The consecrated efforts were sealed by one soul being led to seek Christ as her Saviour.

On the Monday night following the Colonel gave a discourse on Rescue Work in the West End Methodist Church. The Rev. D. Winters, pastor of the church, presided and introduced the Colonel as a very competent person for the grand work in which she was engaged, informing the audience that he had met her before, after which she had learned to, in some measure, value her efforts to reform fallen humanity. Speaking of the S. A. as an organization, deserving a great deal more credit than it got. The Colonel's address did not at all disappoint the people, and as some encouraging statistics were

given many expressed very favorable opinions of the work carried on in Canada.

On Tuesday afternoon several of the infants of the Rescue House were dedicated to God by the Colonel, and who can tell but that God set His seal upon the little lambs and marked them as His chosen vessels. It was very encouraging to hear the mothers, one after the other, tell of how the Lord had saved them, and how determined they were to serve Him. Once, in all the earnestness of her soul, said, "We all want to thank Mrs. Read, too, for being so kind to us girls." After the Colonel speaking a few words of cheer to the girls, all sang together, "More, more about Jesus," all wishing that time did not go so quickly.

On Tuesday evening a meeting was held in the East End Methodist Church. In behalf of the League of Mercy and Prison Work, as conducted by the S. A.

In consequence of the Colonel's address on this subject many felt a desire to do just the work our Master would do were He on earth. In fact, the War Cry report can never do justice to such occasions, nor yet expressions give any estimate of the real good done by the Colonel's visit. We can only say, "We want another longer one next time." Come again, Colonel.

BABY HORN LAID TO REST.

It was a sympathetic little group which gathered together at the house of our dear comrades, Major and Mrs. Horn, on Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, for the little funeral service, conducted by the Chief of Police.

Mrs. Horn had just been brought home from the hospital, and as she lay there on a stretcher beside the little coffin, unable to even raise her head, the scene was a most heart-rending one. Mrs. Margrets, with deepest emotion, which can only spring from a mother's tender heart, endeavored to soothe the mother's lips, with a few comforting words, and the Colonel, the disconsolate little gathering dismissed. A short funeral service was read over the little grave. Those who witnessed the last good-bye kiss, as the little coffin, cold in death, was lifted to the mother's lips, were deeply touched. Lillian Gertrude Horn has gone to be with the angels.

Gertrude Lillian Horn, Gone to Heaven.

FOR THE BEST.

I know it is for the best,
I know that the Father is good;
He loved, and has taken to rest,
I would not recall if I could.
I feel when I scarcely can pray,
I read, my sorrowing, this:
That life is a wearisome way,
And death is the portal of bliss.
But hearts that are human are weak,
And hearts that remember will thrill;
A hand that has vanished I seek,
I long for a voice that is still.
I yearn for—I scarcely know what—
A grief that was, and is not,
A something that will not return.
Oh, thou who art gone from my place,
I know thou art safe—thou art His;
I faint for one look at thy face,
And yet it is well as it is.
The life that was blessing to me
I cannot, I dare not, forget;
The death that was blessing to thee
I cannot, I dare not, regret.

Nothing teaches wisdom like the breaking-in of self—upon it the pride and bearing calm restraint; subdue, educate, purify, and make use of the knowledge gained, and you may venture to face the whole world, for you will no longer be slave, but master. Remember we conquer the world in like ratio to how we know and conquer ourselves.—M. K.

East Ontario Province.

Rambblings of the East Ontario Provincial Officer and His Wife and Family,
By BRIGADIER PUMIRE.

NEWPORT, VT., is a lovely spot, surrounded by lovely hills and a green valley. A crowd of people attended the open-air meetings, at which the children, young to Miss Winnie, were present. We hadn't time to hold the crowd at night, and some were turned away.

The announcement: "Sixty Thousand Miles by Land and Sea," brought a number of people together. Berle and Myrtle also did musical drills, and went through bar-bell exercises, etc., to the pleasure of the people. Capt. Berle and Lt. Hicks held the fort at this place. Mrs. Pugmire assisted the following Sunday night at Newport, where she (Berle and Myrtle) conducted the work of meetings at the city of Sherbrooke. To say we had a good time is putting it mildly. Capt. McNeany had appeared on pins in making the public acquainted with our visit, and as a consequence we had successful meetings. Musical drills and bar-bell exercises brought rounds of applause on the Saturday night, and the best of all we had one soldier.

The halless meeting on Sunday afternoon was simply magnificent. The army was all there, and three sought the fathers of His blessing.

"Sixty Thousand Miles by Land and Sea" took on the afternoon, and at night the Y. M. C. A. (kindly lent) was placed at our disposal, where the largest crowd, Sherbrooke S. A. has seen for a long time, put in an appearance. There wasn't seating accommodation enough. God's power was present, and one young man from the way back, came to the Mercy Seat to seek Jesus. Sherbrooke is all right; give it a chance, plenty of Holy Ghost, hard work, and victories will do wonders. The Locals showed exceptional kindness.

ST. JOHNSBURY comes next, with Capt. Downey and Jones at the wheel. The Hallelujah Wedding had been announced, of our dear soldiers had been announced, and drew an immense crowd. Over three hundred were squeezed into our little barracks, and numbers were turned away unable to get in.

Mrs. Pugmire and the children were present at the following meetings. I had been announced to conduct, and took service part. One soul surrendered. May he be faithful. The corps has some good material in it. God bless St. Johnsburys.

BARRE is the District Headquarters, and is commanded by Capt. Ogilvie and Capt. Brooks. The city is a thriving one, is growing fast, and will soon strip Montpelier (the Capital). Barre is rightly called the "Granite City," for its suburbs are large granite quarries.

Some glorious open-air meetings were held, and the crowd was well kept. I read the story of the Lord. We had excellent crowds in the barracks for such warm weather.

We had the pleasure of being present at the Band of Love meeting, conducted by the J. S. S. M. Soldiers, Berle and Myrtle did their drills and exercises. God bless the Barre barracks! Amen.

On the Monday we held a knitting party of about 20,000 souls, at the ent commandment by Capt. Vance and Lieut. Fennell. We were night still we had an excellent open-air meeting, and inside we had one soul for pardon, friendly Methodist minister and an evangelist were present with us, and apparently enjoyed themselves.

ST. ALBANS, however, but not least. When the soldiers were in the open-air, and my! how they did listen as Berle and Myrtle, standing on the drum, with hands pointed upwards, sang. (Others, a better world, they say.) (Others, make your open-air attractive, and you will have a crowd.)

The barracks were almost filled, and one man came from the back of the hall to the Mercy Seat and found his God. Calvary's story has again, my power. Tell it again and again, my comrades.

LIEUT.-COL. MARGGETTS AND MAJOR TURNER AT HAMILTON I.

Despite the excessive warm weather, Lieut.-Colonel Marggetts, accompanied by Major Turner, conducted a very successful week-end inspection of the new barracks at Hamilton I., on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 25th and 26th.

Owing to the Lieut.-Colonel having to conduct the funeral of our departed comrade, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, he was prevented being present at the commencement of the meeting on Saturday evening. Major Turner was on hand, however, and started the ball rolling with a good, roasting open-air. A nice, appreciative crowd turned up on the inside and gave a warm welcome to Hamilton. The Colonel gave us a nice little talk on "Retrospects," resulting, we believe in blessing to many.

Sunday was a good day. We started full of faith in the knee-drill, that God would pour out His Spirit upon us and save sinners, and we were not disappointed. In the holiness meeting, the Colonel discoursed on "The Last Message." Resulted in five giving themselves to God, including three Juniors. In the afternoon the Colonel gave a very interesting and instructive talk on "Black Marks," while Major Turner held forth upon the Juniors. The Major reports a very successful Junior work group on. Three Juniors came out for salvation, one being an adult who was in attendance at the Bible class. At night the Colonel's talk on "The Last Message" made a powerful appeal to all hearts. The meetings were instructive, edifying, and helpful in every way, and cannot but result in the upbuilding of God's Kingdom in the Hamilton corps.

OPENING OF THE New Riverside Barracks.

Balgadrier Gaslin Turns the Key—A Very Creditable Brick Building Replaces the Old Rough-Cast Barracks—City Bands Present—Large Amount Promised.

"On Thursday night Brigadier Gaslin will open the new barracks, at Riverside." So read the announcement of the special meetings that are now in progress in the Queen City. A large crowd had gathered for the occasion, and a very successful meeting was conducted.

The corps has been laboring on for a long time under great difficulties, in a shabby, insanitary building, which would rarely admit the wind and cold in many places than the doors and windows. It was impossible to make the old barracks comfortable in cold weather, in spite of large coal bills.

The need for a new building has thus been felt for a number of years, so the local officers and soldiers and the different commanding officers have been anxious to arrange for its erection. The present officer, Capt. White, was at last successful.

The aptain and his Lieutenants have worked hard, with Major Horn, who is Treasurer of the corps, and Sergt.-Major Seeds, and several others, in pushing on with the building scheme.

The opening was a brilliant affair indeed. The Temple band gathered at the corner of Broadview and Gerard Streets and marched from there to the barracks, where an old and well-known song was sung in front of the new building, before the Brigadier turned the key to declare the building open for the service of God and the Army.

After a good lively march, in which bands from all the Duty bands joined in, we returned to the hall to find it crowded to the doors.

The Brigadier was assisted inside by Major Turner, Horn, and Collier, Staff-Capt. Stanton, and others. The Rev. Mr. Ryan was also on the platform.

After the opening song and prayer, the Brigadier explained the need of the building, and how the need was met. The Brigadier spoke at some length, after which he called on Major Horn,

Sergt.-Major Seeds, and Capt. White, who all in turn told of the work they had done in securing the building, both in collecting funds, material, etc., also of the work others had done on the building itself. Adj. Attwell spoke a few words on behalf of the officers who had been stationed there. The Adjutant and Mrs. Attwell were stationed there two winters ago, and were well qualified for speaking on the necessity of a new building.

Staff-Capt. Stanton, the D. O., also said a few words. He told of how he spent one day painting on the new barracks, and felt that he had done his share towards completing the building.

The hand favored us with a time at this juncture of the proceedings, after which Major Turner read a financial statement, accounting for the money received, and how it had been spent. As the Brigadier thought it was necessary that we should have an offering, such a one was taken up, as well as special donations called for, resulting in a total offering of \$60.

The few words that the Rev. Mr. Hill, of Broadway Tabernacle, spoke at the close of the meeting, were an evidence that he is a whole-hearted Christian, and one who knows how to support the good work of the Army.

After an interesting address by the Brigadier, which was listened to very attentively, the meeting was closed. We might say that the new barracks includes a Senior and Junior Hall, and officers' quarters.—W. Penecek.

SALVATION HAND-BELL RINGERS ON TOUR.

Saturday came bright and fair, and at night we had a special meeting again in the Dartmouth barracks.

Sunday the knee-drill was a time of power. Twenty-nine were out for hal-halish breakfast, nor were they disappointed. Some say will give the number was few, but they don't know Dartmouth.

We went for a march before the holiness meeting. The sun was so hot we were almost afraid of sunstroke, but we had a nice, cool barracks to go back to. The meeting was a heart-searing time. The Major spoke with power of San's disobedience in not destroying the Amalekites, root and branch.

In the afternoon we had a march and open-air as usual. Major Turner's heart bled to see so many young people utterly forgetful to the claims of Christ, and spending Sunday afternoon in pleasure-seeking and picnics; but so it is, said it teaches us to be up and doing.

At night Major Turner preached for his subject, "A suicide's confession." It was a telling meeting. In the open-air the devil started mocking us, in the shape of a half-drunken man, who wanted us to move on from in front of his house. We kept the hall rolling by heartily kicking the devil the rest of the evening. The Major held the people spell-bound while he spoke to them.

It was a stiff up-hill in the prayer meeting. Conviction was stamped on many faces, but they would not yield to the strivings of God's spirit. We held on, however, in faith, believing that God would not disappoint us; and, praise God, faith was a heart-searing time, with seeking and finding salvation.

"The rain was pouring down on Monday morning, and it was a start for us on our journey. But it is an ill-wind indeed, that blows nobody good. The farmers will be rejoicing, as the rain will help the crops. It was sadly needed in this part of the country, and will in turn help us this coming Harvest Festival.

When we left, quite a number of officers came to the depot to give us a send-off, in spite of the rain. God bless the Halifax District officers for their kindness and courtesy to us. "Clang!" goes the gong. "All aboard!" shouts the conductor, and amidst a volley of good wishes, we move out of the depot in the Sydney Express, bound for New Glasgow, a three-hour journey. At Truro, Capt. Ryan, and our Lieutenants, came on board the train to see Major for a few moments and bring some cheerful news. At Stellarton we were surprised and delighted to see, "in spite of the wet weather," our D. O., Mr. Ryan, and Mr. Dowell, come on board with Lieut. L. Lebas,

the officers in charge of Stellarton. In a few moments we reached New Glasgow. At the depot a crowd of comrades are ready to welcome us, and they did it in good style.

In spite of the wet weather a goodly crowd turned out to the night meeting, and we had a lovely meeting in the hall. On Tuesday, the weather was still disappointed us. In the forenoon the troops were practising, and in the afternoon the Major held an Officers Council, when the officers from Stellarton, Westville, Pictou, and New Glasgow attended. It was a session of blessing. Adj. Dowell spoke in his usual quaint and forcible style, illustrating his remarks by saying that some people said he came into the S. di, for his bread and butter, and that he was, with a fish thrown in, and sometimes he had to jam on his bread, and sometimes he had to jam the bread down his throat, so that it was jam all the time. The Major gave us a very helpful address for about an hour, which we all enjoyed.

Adj. Dowell had secured McNeill's Hall for the night meeting, which was a Musical Festival. We had a fine open-air, and we will give a dance and highland fling over the torches, and stirred up the pot generally.

In the hall we found, in spite of the wet weather, a nice crowd of people gathered, who enjoyed the meeting, and invited us all to visit them. They expressed their sorrow on hearing the serious condition of Mrs. Major Pickering.

On Wednesday morning the Major had to take leave of the troops, and leave for St. John on urgent business and on account of the dangerous illness of Mrs. Pickering, for whose speedy restoration we are praying. We are sorry to lose the Major, and we will miss him much for the next two days. Comrades pray for the Major in this hour of trial.

In the afternoon we left New Glasgow for our next appointment, Stellarton. We did big things there indeed. We put some calves in Bro. McLearn's meat wagon and paraded the whole street in the town, telling the people there was going to be a meeting in the little Jerusalem of that wonderful city. Adj. Dowell, the D. O., was with us, and gave us all a real treat to hear. Comrades, I heard and seen him two years ago, and I find him just as same original and only G. Dowell, up to all the tricks under the sun to fight the devil. The meetings both outside and in were real good. Lieut. Lebas is fighting here until Capt. Halldor takes command.

Thursday found us on our way to Westville, with Ensign Sabine and Lieut. Payne met us at the depot and conveyed us to our billets for dinner. In the afternoon, while the Adjutant and Ensign Sabine were in the barracks, to let the people know we had arrived, after which we did some practising for the meeting.

At night we went in for a good time, and were not disappointed. The worthy D. O. led the open-air. The crowd around us was good, and was delighted with all. When the collection came they gave well. Back we go to the hall, to find it crowded out; no room, and still the crowd. No sitting room, no standing room, and the place packed to the doors. Many people had to go away disappointed. The meeting (one of the best held) was simply grand. No one was left from start to finish, and was voted the best Musical Festival held. The meeting was piloted through by the "Daring Officer," G. Dowell. Everybody wanted us to stay another night, and Ensign Sabine would guarantee us a packed hall again, so we could stay if we could stay. We were sorry we had to go on, but we hope to be able to visit them again in the near future.

Friday, We leave Westville this afternoon for Charlottetown, P. E. I., and District, our next appointment.

(To be continued.)

Don't dream away your life. Value yourself. It took the Trine Jehovah to make man. Moreover, you were made in the Divine Image, and the Christ died for you. What more do you want to stand upon than those three facts? Then make the most of yourself, make the best of yourself; not waste it, but you do learn something of the Art of Living.



II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XX.

SULLA'S REIGN OF TERROR, AND THE GLADIATOR'S REBELLION.

After the death of Marius, Cinna choose Valerius Flaccus as second consul, and invited all Italians to enrol themselves as Roman citizens. Flaccus went to the East to relieve Sulla of his command, as the latter had started to drive Mithridates out of Greece, which he had seized and held for a time.

Flaccus' army, however, rebelled against him and killed him. Sulla, after defeating Mithridates, made peace and started to return to Rome.

The friends of Cinna and Marius feared Sulla's return. Cinna tried to oppose Sulla's landing, but was killed by his own soldiers. Sulla and his army could not be stopped. Marius' son attempted it with the help of the Samnites, but suffered a terrible defeat.

Sulla approached Rome furious at the opposition, and determined on revenge. He could not enter the city until he had dismissed his army and have his triumphal entry. The Senate came to meet him in a temple. To impress the Senate with his power, he had 8,000 Samnite prisoners slaughtered in their hearing. His men then entered the city and commenced a fearful slaughter; not only were those of the opposing party killed, but also everybody against whom the soldiers had a grudge or whose possessions they coveted. For days this butchery went on. When the Senate enquired when the killing would stop, Sulla would bring a list of names of the victims, and he killed them right and then two hundred and three hundred more. The property of the slain was seized, and their children declared incapable of holding public offices. These black lists were called proscriptions, and anyone who dared to shelter a victim was treated in the same manner.

The country population was punished in even a more cruel manner. Whole cities were destroyed and districts laid waste. All estates were ravaged and its old race swept away.

When both consuls had perished Sulla had named himself Dictator. He desired to re-establish the old government in Rome, when there was a small town. It had now grown to a city, with many distant dependencies, and required a different government than his ideal could give.

He filled the 300 empty Senators' chairs with Knights, enrolled farmers as Roman citizens to make up the number of those whom were slain, and set free ten thousand slaves of his victims. The tribunes were restricted in their power, and were to be elected to any other office after having been tribune once.

After accomplishing all this, he grew old quickly, having undermined his health with riot and luxury. He resigned his Dictatorship and retired to his villa near Rome, where he dictated the history of his life in Greek.

The most promising of the men of Sulla's party was Cnaeus Pompeius, surnamed Magnus (Great) by Sulla on account of his great bravery when young. He was a worthy man and was sent to Spain, where Sertorius had held out eight years against the Roman power, but with the help of native chiefs, but he was finally put to death by his own followers.

At Rome things were in a bad state. The great election struggles grew corrupt, as the offices were sought mainly for the sake of the "spoils of office," government of a Province to which they fled. No expenses were spared in shows of beast and gladiator fights to win the people, for during the holding of an office the candidate wanted to supply repy himself from the resources of his province.

During the Spanish war the whole school of gladiators broke out and armed themselves with weapons and knives from the arena, and, entering into them every slave and fugitive from justice, intended to march northward over the Alps and reach their homes in Gaul and Thence; but the plunder of Italy tempted them in their destination. An army was sent against them, and they were all slain.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

85 Hustlers.

Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	138
Lieut. Porter, Barrie	98
Sister Bowcock, Lippincott St.	85
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	80
Capt. Connors, Dundas	70
Sergt. J. Dauberville, Hamilton I.	60
Capt. Bond, Owen Sound	50
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	58
Capt. Sherwin, Lindsay	53
Mrs. Capt. Stacey, Temple	54
Sergt. Maud Slater, Fenelon Falls	54
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple	54
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	50
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	50
Lieut. Bone, Bracebridge	50
Capt. McCann, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Pattenden, Collingwood	50
Mrs. Brown, Hamilton I.	50
Capt. Lott, Menard	47
Capt. Brant, Omeenee	45
Capt. White, Riverside	45
Lieut. Leggett, Riverside	42
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	40
Cadet Porter, Ligar St.	40
M. J. Eaton, Oshawa	40
Capt. Trickey, Orangeville	40
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	40
Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton II.	38
Capt. Poole, Chesley	38
Lieut. Stiekels, Parry Sound	37
Capt. Hukinson, Parry Sound	37
Sergt. Hawley, Ligar St.	37
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	36
Capt. Reanie, Sudbury	35
Lieut. Pattenden, Sudbury	35
Capt. Culbert, Little Current	35
Lieut. Christopher, Little Current	35
Mrs. Moleck, Temple	35
Sergt. W. Shay, Huntsville	35
Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St.	33
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	32
Cadet Peard, Ligar St.	30
Bro. Dixon, Temple	30
Cadet Smith, Midland	30
Lieut. McGregor, Orangeville	30
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	30
Lieut. Liddard, Aurora	27
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	27
Adjt. Goodwin, Hamilton I.	27
C. V. Shownayouqua, Meaford	27
Lieut. Carver, Ene, Bowmanville	27
Mrs. Bott, Dovercourt	26
Capt. Wadge, Faversham	25
Cand. Minnes, Brampton	25
Mrs. Capt. Liston, Oshawa	25
Lieut. McLeannan, Newmarket	25
Capt. Sweeney, Newmarket	25
Sister M. Matheson, Lippincott St.	25
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott St.	25
Lieut. Bushey, Richmond St.	25
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	25
S. M. Bowers, Ligar St.	25
Cadet Letty, Ligar St.	25
Sister Gelson, Temple	25
Capt. Dales, Midland	25
Ensign Bale, Bracebridge	23
Marie McCarney, Riverside	22
Mrs. Juliana, Dovercourt	21
Capt. McDonald, Temple	20
Cadet Linn, Temple	20
Sister Gumbert, Temple	20
Sister Boulton, Temple	20
Mrs. Davey, Yorkville	20
Mrs. Currie, Hamilton II.	20
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Fenelon Falls	20
Capt. Young, Brooklin	20
Capt. Copper, Kinnowat	20
Lieut. Marshall, Kinnowat	20
Capt. H. Howcroft, Gravenhurst	20
Cadet-Lieut. Loughhead, Gravenhurst	20
Capt. Liston, Oshawa	20
Sister Jack, Richmond St.	20
Cadet Meuder, Ligar St.	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

Capt. Gibson, London	226
Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford	135
Lieut. Bowditch, Galt	125
Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock	125
Capt. Heater, Stratford	116
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	115
Lieut. Barner, Leamington	100
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	100
Ensign Green, Windsor	95
Capt. Green, Windsor	85
Capt. Pye, Sarnia	80
Capt. Campbell, Paris	80
Capt. Ringer, Simcoe	78
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	68
Amiee Trickett, Ingersoll	65
Cadet Hollett, Ingersoll	65
Sister Foster, Petrolia	64
Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray, Brantford	63
Capt. Jordinson, Forest	62
Mrs. Down, St. Thomas	60
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	60
Capt. Edwards, Stratford	60
Mrs. D. Green, Digdetown	60
Mrs. Britton, Stratford	58

COMPETITION CHAT

Madam C. O. P. to the Front Again—The East Collapsed—The West Beats the East Twice Over—Major Pickering's Sad Fall.

The Light of the East has gone out; The West has scalped her with a shout! Ontario's East and West, Has been equally blessed By the Central, which on top comes out.

The C. O. P. has its distinct triumph again this week. Nothing daunted, she has pressed through last week's defeat to this week's victory. Two ahead of Arab is a close run, but it is a victory, nevertheless. Brave C. O. P.: Good C. O. P.: Live C. O. P.: Let me put you on the back.

The East has gone out in a double eclipse. If the North-West had just made a little more effort she would have licked the East single-handed. As it is, the North-West and the Klondike on one hand, and the Pacific and Newfoundland together on the other hand, beat the East. Is there a way to wipe out such a crushing defeat? Let Major Pickering furnish the answer in deeds of bravery.

Capt. Gibson, of London, takes his place on top of the Territory again. Cadet Cook, of Winnipeg, is second, with only eleven copies less. Halifax furnishes two names for third place—Sergt. Conrad (204) and Mrs. Adjt. Fraser (203).

Here are the other most distinguished Boomers: Lieut. Long, Yarmouth 180 Capt. Brooklets, Barre 175

Mrs. Major Cooper, Hespeler	57
Adjt. McGillivray, Brantford	57
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll	57
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	55
Lieut. Smith, Goderich	55
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg	51
Lieut. Stiekels, Sarnia	50
Capt. Coe, Goderich	50
Lieut. Cook, Ridgetown	50
Capt. White, Clinton	46
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	46
Capt. Hook, Chatham	45
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	45
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Seaforth	45
Fred Palmer, London	45
Eva Simpson, Guelph	43
Lieut. Crank, Palmerston	41
Bandsman Fleming, London	40
Cand. Craft, Wallaceburg	40
Lieut. Greenwood, Berlin	40
Sister Schuster, Berlin	40
Cadet-Lieut. Allen, Guelph	36
Capt. Copeman, Petrolia	36
Sister Benn, Petrolia	35
Ensign Bonner, Woodstock	35
Lieut. Crawford, Norwich	35
Capt. Dowell, Seaforth	35
Mother Cutting, Essex	35
Lieut. Plant, Bayfield	34
Lieut. Fenney, Blenheim	33
J. S. S. M. Henderson, Hespeler	32
Corps-Cadet Dixon, St. Thomas	32
Capt. Brooklets, Theford	30
Sister Glover, Dresden	30
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	30
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	27
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	25
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	25
Capt. Keaswell, Drayton	25
Capt. Williams, Galt	25
Mrs. Mellroy, St. Thomas	25
Capt. Thompson, Bothwell	25
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	25
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	25
Corps-Cadet Dixon, St. Thomas	23
Mabel Horwood, London	21
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	21
Sister Ellis, Dresden	20
Capt. Harman, Blenheim	20
Bro. Musgrave, Wroctester	20
Capt. Matheson, Norwich	20
Mrs. Hocking, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Burnie, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Bowling, Stratford	20
Mrs. Dougherty, Chatham	20
Alma Gammas, Chatham	20
Trease Harris, London	20
Capt. Jarvis, Berlin	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

71 Hustlers.

Capt. Brooklets, Barre	175
Capt. Crego, St. Albans	172

Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford	173
Capt. Crego, St. Albans	172
Capt. Randall, Ottawa	156
Capt. Miller, St. John I.	150

Capt. Banks leads the Central with 138. Capt. Scott, the Pacific, with 139, and Sergt. Jessie Lidstone, Newfoundland, with 120. The Klondike boomers sell an average of 131 each.



Madam C. O. P.: "I don't care, I'm on top again and keep the lead, if I can only navigate past that rock ahead of me."

Capt. Randall, Ottawa	156
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	150
Sergt. Barber, Burlington	115
Mrs. Adjt. Keaswell, Kingston	114
Capt. Lang, Gananoque	104
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Pictou	100
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	98
Ensign Ottawa, Ottawa	95
Lieut. Liddell, Perth	92
Ensign Yerec, Brockville	83
Capt. Cook, Morrisburg	80
Capt. Burch, Newport	80
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	78
Capt. Bloss Cobourg	75
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	75
Capt. McLean, Cornwall	75
Capt. O'Neill, Kempsville	70
Capt. Wilson, Arnprior	70
Capt. Carter, Belleville	70
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	67
Capt. Carter, Belleville	65
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	65
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	55
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	53
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	53
Capt. Patten, Bloomfield	51
Cand. Ault, Arnprior	50
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	50
Lieut. Croser, Port Hope	50
Mrs. Hipperra, Montreal II.	50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	49
Cand. Stacia, Guelph	49
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	47
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	45
Capt. Tytus, Montreal I.	42
Capt. Pitcher, Brockville	42
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	40
Lieut. Hoole, Campbellford	39
Capt. Mitchell, Campbellford	39
Capt. Edwards, Napanee	38
Alie Avey, Sherbrooke	38
Sergt. Newell, Barre	35
Adjt. Kenan, Kingston	35
Sister Harbor, Ottawa	35
Cadet-Lieut. Rutledge, Prescott	30
Capt. Weir, Prescott	30
Capt. Norman, Quebec	30
Capt. Grose, Quebec	30
Capt. Owen, Quebec	30
Mrs. Randle, Burlington	29
Herbert Moffatt, St. Johnsbury	30
Cand. Gall, Sherbrooke	30
Capt. Gannmaide, Sarnby	25
Mrs. Jewell, Pictou	25
Capt. Slater, Trenton	25
Adjt. Kenda, Kingston	25
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke	22
Cand. Stacia, Kingston	21
Sergt. Vaeour, Montreal I.	20

Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Dad Duquette, Trenton	20
Sergt. Ramsey, Barre	20
Capt. Crego, Millbrook	20
Mrs. Crawford, Quebec	20
Mrs. Sheppard, Quebec	20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

54 Hustlers.

Sergt. C. Conrad, Halifax I.	204
Sergt. Adjt. Fraser, Halifax I.	203
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	180
Capt. Miller, St. John I.	150
Capt. C. Allan, St. John II.	125
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, North Sydney	120
Lieut. Wyatt, Chatham	110
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	108
Lieut. McKie, Campbellton	108
Capt. Brehaut, Hamilton	100
P. S. M. Flood, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Santuca, Hamilton	90
Lieut. Tiller, St. John II.	90
Lieut. White, Sussex	90
P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax I.	82
Capt. Ryan, Truro	77
Lieut. Lebas, Truro	77
Sergt. Pike, Houlton	75
Sergt. Peckwood, St. George's	71
J. Ebsary, Parrishore	70
Lieut. Young, Hampton	70
Pathe Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Lieut. Melkie, Campbellton	60
Lieut. Murtherough, Windsor	55
Capt. Jackson, Campbellton	55
B. Loury, Kentville	51
G. Beckie, St. George's	50
Lieut. Redmond, Dartmouth	50
Mrs. Reid, St. John I.	49
Capt. Peckham, North Head	45
A. Ramie, Bridgetown	44
J. Hardwick, Bridgetown	44
Sergt. Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	44
N. Morrison, North Sydney	44
Mrs. Adjt. Viggins, Fredericton	42
Mrs. Bentley, Fredericton	42
Sergt. Kelly, St. George's	37
E. Newell, Dartmouth	37
Bro. Fairweather, St. John III.	35
Capt. G. Thompson, North Sydney	31
Adjt. Fraser, Halifax I.	30
Sergt. Selig, Halifax I.	25
Sergt. McEwen, Dartmouth	25
Capt. McEachern, Chatham	25
Capt. Ilett, Bear River	25
M. Burgess, Halifax I.	25
Treas. Casbin, Halifax I.	23
Sergt. Sharpham, Windsor	20
Sergt. Holder, St. John III.	20
M. Marshall, St. John III.	20
E. Tupper, Houlton	20
Sister V. Lebas, Fredericton	20
J. Donovan, Fredericton	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

51 Hustlers.

Cadet Cook, Winnipeg	215
Ensign Dean, Grand Forks	75
Capt. Keur, Grand Forks	75
Cadet Meron, Rat Portage	75
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	71
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	64
Lieut. Gamble, Medicine Hat	60
Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge	60
Ensign Taylor, Calgary	60
Capt. Pearce, Brainerd	60
Sergt. Papaline, Jamestown	60
Lieut. Grass, Moose Jaw	60
Capt. Barrager, Port William	58
Capt. Gamble, Dauphin	48
Capt. Livingstone, Prince Albert	42
Cadet Lawford, Brainerd	40
Capt. Ilett, Fargo	40
Mrs. Rankin, Portage la Prairie	40
Sister Pearce, Calgary	35
Ensign Hayes, Port Arthur	37
Capt. Fell, Grafton	37
Capt. Myers, Devil's Lake	37
Capt. Ordway, Selkirk	37
Capt. Mac, Winnipeg	35
Lieut. Nuttall, Devil's Lake	35
Lieut. McRay, Fort William	35
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	30
Sister Taylor, Neopawa	30
Capt. Gillam, Arberry	30
Lieut. Mack, Minot	30
Lieut. Russell, Moorhead	30
Lieut. White, Edmonton	30
Lieut. Quist, Portage la Prairie	27
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Winnipeg	27
Lieut. Casiter, Regina	25
Father Harrier, Valley City	25
Cadet Oxevery, Portage la Prairie	25
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	24
Sergt. Mrs. O'Neill, Winnipeg	23
Lieut. Hardy, Virden	23
Mrs. Capt. Westcott, Carme	23
Lieut. Lepp, Carleton Place	20
Capt. Taylor, Neopawa	20
Capt. Capt. Wilkins, Valley City	20
Capt. Askin, Hannah	20
Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa	20

Capt. Draper, Moorhead	20
Sergt. Pike, Edmonton	20
Capt. Charlton, Calgary	20
Capt. Westcott, Caruan	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

46 Hustlers.

Capt. Scott, Victoria	130
Adj. Stevens, Rossland	130
Capt. Nesbitt, Missoula	100
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Billings	100
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Helena	81
Capt. Hooker, Anaconda	79
Mother Hooker, Anaconda	79
Capt. Walrath, Livingston	75
Cadet-Lieut. Owen, Revelstoke	75
Sister Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	70
Lieut. Morris, New Whatcom	63
Capt. Boyer, Kallispell	60
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane	60
Bro. Preston, Spokane	60
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	60
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	60
Mrs. Parks, Nelson	62
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Vancouver	62
Capt. Krell, Vancouver	62
Capt. Fisher, Missoula	50
Sister M. Thomas, Spokane	50
Capt. Miller, New Whatcom	50
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Vancouver	50
Sister McDonald, Nelson	47
Sister H. Kadunc, Nelson	47
Sister F. Pogue, Nelson	47
Capt. Perrenoud, Kamloops	44
Capt. Brown, Dillon	40
Capt. Leagill, Kamloops	36
Lieut. Johnson, Bozeman	35
Capt. Sheard, Great Falls	35
Cadet-Lieut. Smith, Great Falls	35
Cadet-Lieut. Buck, Victoria	35
Sister Hoffman, New Westminster	30
Capt. Bigsby, Spokane	30
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	30
Capt. Ida Gain, Revelstoke	25
Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	25
Lieut. Saint, Lewiston	25
Cadet-Lieut. St. John, Lewiston	25
Bro. E. Britt, Rossland	23
Adj. Hay, New Westminster	24
Sister Wallender, Rossland	22
Capt. Meredith, Bozeman	21
Sergt.-Major Cameron, Rossland	21
Sister Youmans, New Westminster	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

28 Hustlers.

Sergt. Jessie Lidstone, St. Johns I.	120
Lieut. Cummings, Harbor Grace	40
Capt. M. Jones, St. Johns I.	39
Sergt.-Major Elmsay, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet Baggis, St. Johns I.	35
S. M. Blackmore, St. John's Island	35
Cadet St. John, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet LeDrew, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Slute, St. Johns I.	30
Sergt. Andrews, St. Johns I.	30
Sergt.-Major Newman, Twillingate	30
Cadet House, St. John's	29
Capt. Newbury, St. Johns I.	29
Sergt. Payne, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. M. Harris, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. Munford, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. Wheeler, Twillingate	25
Cadet Bowerman, Bay Roberts	23
Cadet Baggis, St. Johns I.	23
Sergt. M. Blundon, St. Johns I.	22
Sergt. Gibbons, St. Johns I.	20
Sergt. Bartlett, Briggs	20
Lieut. Duder, Carbonear	20
Mrs. Seward, Heart's Content	20
Lieut. Newhook, Heart's Delight	20
Sergt.-Major Bartlett, Briggs	20

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

4 Hustlers.

Capt. Lloyd, Dawson	148
Capt. Kenny, Dawson	132
Lieut. Long, Skagway	125
Capt. Yoncas, Dawson	120

SOURIS Man.—Ensign Hayes, our worthy D. O., has been with us for a few days, during fair-time, also Father Davidson and his boy, Frank, who, with their music and singing, proved a great attraction, especially little Frank, who the Ensign terms his champion boy band player of the North-West. He is a wonder. We had a presentation of colors on the following Sunday, by Adjutant Cass, who was assisted by Mrs. Cass. The flag was presented in the afternoon, and Bro. F. Hetherington received his commission as Color-Sergt. for the time being. The night meeting was held in the Opera House, where the Adjutant enrolled some recruits. This being the first enrolment, we had a large crowd present, and when the collection was asked for, the people, in their usual good-hearted manner, responded liberally. Your humble servant farewelled the same night, after a stay of four months. God has blessed us, and souls have been won for God. Huileclajuh—Capt. Anna Hurst.

TANGLEFOOT.

The other day I was looking at a sheet of Tanglefoot, and a sheet of poison fly-paper in the same room, and I noticed how the flies were attracted and entangled by these two kinds of fly-paper. Some would fly right on to the sticky kind, while others would just skim along, merely touching their feet, and, therefore, would not be entangled, but would go and have a drink of poison in the other dish. As the saying goes, it was to "jump out of the frying pan into the fire." If the devil can't catch us one way, he will try to catch us some other way.

I also noticed some flies would just hover around, and come as close to the edge of the tanglefoot as possible without sticking to the paper; some would come just a little too close and be caught and then again would just get slightly tangled, and by strenuous efforts would get free, perhaps losing some part of their leg in the struggle. I wondered, too, that so many were caught, when they saw others struggling and groaning to be free. I wondered they hadn't sense, or instinct, to keep out of danger.

But it seems to me mankind is not much better than the poor flies in this respect. They see the evil and misery of sin, they see its blighting effects everywhere; they see the great danger here and hereafter, and they see the attractions and allurements of Satan, and, like the flies, they don't appear to realize the evils and dangers.

Satan has many ways to entrap men and women, and wonderfully succeeds in his plans. He tries to entangle and poison the hearts and lives of God's believing children. It may only be a little of the world, a little fashion, a little of self, pride, envy, malice, jealousy, anger, gambling, backbiting, gossiping, evil speaking, unkindness, etc. Some of God's children do get entangled with one or the other of these sins; but, praise God, there is deliverance through the blood of Jesus; and there is power in God's Holy Spirit to keep, and preserve, and sustain us against Satan's entanglements. May the Lord bless and keep us watchful and prayerful. And I praise God there is deliverance for every sinner, if they will only come to Jesus, the Sinner's Saviour. Hallelujah—Treasurer Caslin, Halifax I.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For, as it surrounds us with friends, who tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

Yapus Zimmerman at Sherbrooke.

Mr. Eddittar,—

I lift mine pen to write dis time not about de pond, but de brooke, where I vhas now. Excitement vhas runn high. We read from newspapers and band bills what vhas comin. Special meetings at S. A., conducted by Brigadier Pugmire, Provincial Officer, right here in dis place, Sherbrooke, which vhas still in Quebec, de Province, I mean. I vhas giv you dis information, Meester Eddittar, in de interests of Sherbrooke, for perhaps some odder "big speeches" do not know shust where it vhas, and it vhas so very easy to find; but I must tell you somethink about de spechuls. Shust two of Brigadier's shawnt beetle familie (I vhas see their pietur on last week's War Cry) came wid him, Bertie and Myrtle, suebe lovely children. I vhas tink when I hear dem sing such beautiful songs, and do dem drills so people like, an der fadder vhas make all de meetings so intersting, both wid singin and talkin. They vhas set two targets, sons and finances, and did ret both. Lots of people at all de meetings, and such good attendance, and everybody says, "I vhas like to hear Brigadier and children soon again, and vhas told him to please tell Miss Booth de Sherbrooke people vhas longing to see and hear her soon."

Shust de same,

Yapus Zimmerman.

T. F. S. Appointments.

ENSIGN STAIGER.

Revelstoke, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Sept. 14, 15, 16.
Kamloops, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19.

New Westminster, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.

Vancouver, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 22, 23.
Nanaimo, Mon., Tues., and Wed., Sept. 24, 25, 26.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Norwich, Friday, Sept. 14.
Woodstock, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 15, 16.
Ingersoll, Mon. and Tues., Sept. 17, 18.
London, Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 19, 20.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Markdale, Friday, Sept. 14.
Owen Sound, Sat. Sun., and Mon., Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Chesley, Tuesday, Sept. 18.
Meaford, Wednesday, Sept. 19.
Rocklyn, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.
Collingwood, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 22, 23, 24.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Ottawa, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 13, 14.
Ardriat, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Renfrew, Tuesday, Sept. 18.
Pembroke, Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 19, 20.
Perth, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Sept. 21, 22, 23.
Harrowsmith, Monday, Sept. 24.
Colebrook, Tuesday, Sept. 25.
Kingston, Wednesday, Sept. 26.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Windsor, Friday, Sept. 14.
Hullfax I., Sat. and Sun., Sept. 15, 16.
Dartmouth, Monday, Sept. 17.
Hullfax II., Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19.
Truro, Thursday, Sept. 20.
Stellarton, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 21, 22.
Westville, Sunday, Sept. 23.
New Glasgow, Monday, Sept. 24.
North Sydney, Tuesday, Sept. 25.
Glenc Bay, Wed., Thurs., and Fri., Sept. 26, 27, 28.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Minneapolis, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 13, 14.
Brandon, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 15, 16.
Souris, Mon. and Tues., Sept. 17, 18.
Carberry, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.
Virden, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 22, 23.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, if notified, and, as far as possible, send wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Adm. George, 25, Magazines Road, 18 Albert St., Toronto. Add mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Common, Mothers and Friends are requested to read carefully through this column and to notify the Commission if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)

PALMER, MISS. Age 74 years. Last heard of 15 years ago. Of independent means. Was in the habit of taking children from England to Canada. Her father was Secretary of a founding hospital. Any information concerning her, please address Enquiry, Toronto.

THORNEDY, JONATHAN. Age 38, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, fair complexion. Believed to be working in a tin factory in Dundee, Quebec. Last known address is Cunningham, Montreal, Que. Any information concerning the whereabouts of the above please forward to Enquiry, Toronto.



HARVEST FESTIVAL

- 1900 -

September 29 and 30, and October 1 and 2.



Holiness Song.

Tune.—It was on the cross (B.J. 17).

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Chorus.

It was on the cross He shed His blood,
It was there He was crucified,
But He rose again, and lives in my heart
Where all is peace and perfect love.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

Consecration.

Tune.—Anywhere with Jesus (B.J. 230,
B.B. 79).

2 Jesus, precious Saviour, I now come
To Thee
For this holy warfare anything to be,
Thou hast bought me with Thy blood at
so great a cost,
All I have I give Thee, to reclaim the
lost.

Chorus.

All, yes, all, I give Thee,
All my days for Thy praise,
Gladly all I give Thee,
Precious souls to save.

No more wasted moments, no more idle
words,
Time and talents now shall be fully all
my Lord's.
It shall be my great delight now to do
His will,
Then let Thy loving Spirit, all my nature
fill.

In the fiercest conflict, faithful I will be,
In the open-air and battle always close
to Thee.
At my post I'll fight and die, for I want
to bring
Many souls to Jesus, help me, Lord, my
King.

Brigadier Cozens, U. S. A.

Experience.

Tune.—We're sure to win (B.J. 179)

3 We meet the foes of all mankind,
And fight to win!
That all the wretched joy may find,
We fight to win!
Though they the slaves of sin may be,
And have no hope to be set free,
That they may God's salvation see,
We fight to win!

Chorus.

The Yellow, Red, and Blue shall fly
Above our heads until we die;
With Blood-and-Fire 'neath every sky,
We're sure to win! We're sure to win!

When Satan seems to bear the sway,
We stand to win!
In sore temptation every day,
We stand to win!
Though others may run to and fro,
And to all kinds of fountains go,
Just where the Living Waters flow,
We stand to win!

And while we fight at His command,
We're sure to win!

Beneath the Flag in every land,
We're sure to win!
The Yellow, Red, and Blue shall fly
Above our heads until we die;
With Blood-and-Fire 'neath every sky,
We're sure to win!

Testimony.

Tune.—Over Jordan.

4 I have left the way of sin,
And the road I travelled in;
Now I've peace and joy within,
Hallelujah!
I am bound for heaven above,
Where all is peace and love,
The eternal joys I'll prove,
Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
There will be no sorrow there,
In that land so bright and fair,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We'll be free from every care,
Hallelujah!

I have loved ones gone before,
They are safe on Canaan's shore,
A small grasp their hands once more,
Hallelujah!
So to Jesus I'll be true,
'Neath the Yellow, Red, and Blue,
For I've now the port in view,
Hallelujah!

Sinner, Jesus calls for thee,
From your sins He'll set you free,
For He died on Calvary,

Hallelujah!
"Whoever will," means you,
For we know God's word is true,
Come, and you will prove it, too,
Hallelujah!

B. Kierstead,
Campbellton, N. B.

Thou Wouldst be Saved,

Tune.—Why not to-night? (B.J. 131).

6 Oh, do not let the word depart,
Or close your eyes against the
light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-dreaded night;
This is the time!—oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

Our God, in pity, lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love despise?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live:

THE COMMISSIONER

(MISS BOOTH)

WILL VISIT

ST. JOHN, N.B.

SUNDAY, September 23rd—Salvation Meetings.

MONDAY, September 24th—Drawing Room Meeting,
and Opening of New Women's Social Institution.

TUESDAY, September 25th—Officers' Councils.

Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun;
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

Backsiders' Song.

Tune.—Sinner, come home (B.J. 117).

6 Backslider, to Jesus, thy Saviour,
return,
His love for you all is the same;
He'll freely forgive you the moment you
turn.
...a mercy and pardon to claim.
Sin makes you feel sad, but grace mak-
eth glad.
And this He will freely bestow;
So come home, backslider, and sing once
again,
"His blood makes me whiter than
snow."

Chorus.

Come home; come home;
Backslider, to Jesus come home.

When here in His service both joyful
and glad
You serve Christ, your Saviour and
King,
Your heart was a heaven, you seldom
felt sad,
For He to you gladness did bring.
Oh, do not delay, but come home to-day.
Ere lost is your soul in dark woe;
Start once more to serve Him, while
gladly you sing:
"His blood makes me whiter than
snow."

No, to-morrow won't do, to-day you
must come,
When mercy can be sought and found;
While Jesus is calling, be wise and come
home.

And prove that His love doth abound.
Once more do His will, your soul He
will fill
With boundless delight as you go
Right straight up to Glory, enabled to
sing:

"His blood makes me whiter than
snow."

Called for the Field.

Tune.—Just take the news to mother
(B.J. 389).

By A. D. COWAN, Staff-Capt.

7 While an Army band was fighting
One hot and sultry night,
And leads and losses praying,
With upturned faces bright,
Came a question from the Captain,
"Who'll volunteer for God,
Or who'll take up the cross and follow
Him?"

"I will," a young man answered,
"I'll take my stand to-night."
Then boldly to the front he made his
way,
Bowed his heart in deep contrition,
Down at the Saviour's feet,
And those who knelt around him heard
him say:

Chorus.

"I come, oh, Jesus, Saviour: I know
there is no other
Can wash away the sins of yours,
And make me fit to die;
My heart is sad and broken,
But, oh, Thy voice has spoken,

And as Thou bidst me come to Thee,
My Lord, my God, I come."

From afar a cry is stealing,
A wail of human pain;
Wrung from the hearts so hopeless,
Of weary, sinful men,
Then the sweet voice of the Master
Sounds in the hero's soul,
"Oh, who will go and bring these wa-
derers home?"

"I will," the brave lad shouted,
"I'm Thine to live or die."
Then rushed into the battle's thickest
fight.

Saving souls so lost and sinful,
And bringing them to God,
While teaching vile, pointed lips to
pray:

But another voice is pleading,
The voice of friends and home,
"Why make this needless sacrifice?"
they say:

"For mother's hair is whitening,
She waits her boy at home;
Oh, do not leave, and break her heart,"
we pray.

With holy desperation the soldier presses
on,
And victory wins for Jesus every day:
Though the battle rages sorely,
His faith is strong and bright,
These are the words his comrades hear
him say:

2nd Chorus.

"Just take this word to mother,
And tell her, though I love her,
That Jesus Christ depends on me,
And I'm not coming home.
Just tell her souls are dying,
For my help they're crying,
And Jesus hides me fight for Him,
And I'm not coming home."

Coming Events.

LIEUT. COL. MARGETTS

Territorial Secretary,
Accompanied by the PROVINCIAL
OFFICER, will visit
EASTERN PROVINCE

St. John V., Saturday, Sept. 15.
St. John III., Sunday, Sept. 16.
Moncton, Monday, Sept. 17.
Summerside, Tuesday, Sept. 18.
Charlottetown, Wednesday, Sept. 19.

NEWFOUNDLAND

St. Johns I., Sunday, Sept. 23.
St. Johns, British Hall, Monday, Sept.
24.
St. Johns I., Tues. and Wed., Sept. 25
and 26.

BRIGADIER GASKIN

and

THE STAFF BAND

will visit

Lippincott St., Sunday, Sept. 16.

MAJOR and Mrs. HARGRAVE

will visit

Vancouver, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept.
15, 16, 17.
Victoria, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19.
Nanaimo, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.
New Westminster, Sat., Sun., and
Mon., Sept. 22, 23, 24.
New Wagon, Tuesday, Sept. 25.
Mount Vernon, Wednesday, Sept. 26.
Spokane, Sunday Sept. 30.

MAJOR PICKERING

accompanied by the
Salvation Hand Bell Ringers
will visit

St. John V., Saturday, Sept. 16.
St. John III., Sunday, Sept. 16.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit and conduct Special Meetings
at the following places:

Bracebridge, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept.
15, 16, 17.
Gravelhurst, Tuesday, Sept. 18.
Omece, Wednesday, Sept. 19.
Lindsay, Thursday, Sept. 20.
Kilmartin, Friday, Sept. 21.
Fenelon Falls, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 22,
23.
L'Abbeville, Monday, Sept. 24.